PASSING EVENTS
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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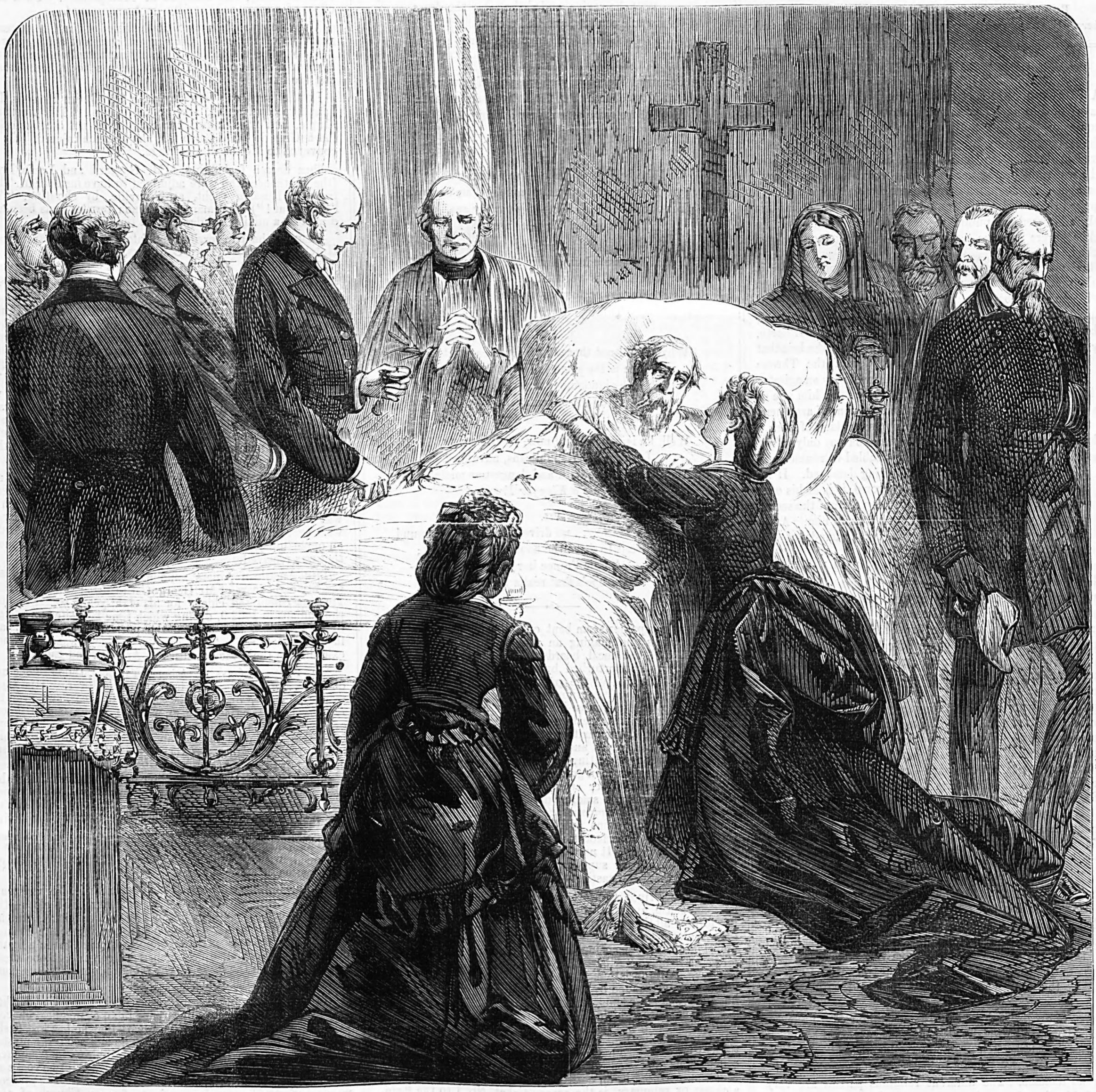

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At Camden Place, Chislehurst, Kent, 9th January, 1873.

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PASSING EVENTS
At Home and Abroad.

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BRICKBAT ARGUMENT.

A MIDLAND COUNTIES prophet has just apologized to the citizens of Birmingham for the alarm he had caused them in announcing that the world was coming to an end. Now, without binding ourselves to any opinion on that prophet's source of information, and without caring to ascertain how far he was right or whether he was wrong in his original "tip," we may notice one millennial phenomenon which has recently surprised the world. For example, Sir Charles Dilke has this week addressed a public meeting of ratepayers, and no brickbats were thrown; not a window was broken or a crown cracked.

This is a very important sign of an impending change; it would seem to point to a time (millennial, no doubt) when Englishmen will be permitted to meet and express peaceful political sentiments differing from those of their neighbours, without having their heads broken as the penalty. Hitherto, ever since the abolition of inquisitorial tribunals, the brickbat has played an important part as defender of the Throne and Altar. It would be unsafe—impolitic—to try an agitator for high treason; it is much easier to loose upon him one of those generous English mobs whose final weapons of argument are the paving-stone and pantile. The advantage of such a mode of meeting an adversary is obvious: you not only inflict personal damage on him, but you are enabled to round upon him afterwards and blame him for getting damaged. If he *will* arouse the loyal passions of the crowd, it is at his own risk and peril; all you have to do is to keep clear of the scene, and mind the police are not near at hand to help him. After that the deluge—but you have washed *your* hands of the affair.

But brickbat arguments are not monopolized by patriotic loyalists and royalists—they are at the service of the whole community. They may be used in the cause of monarchy, or social equality, or humanity, or Beer. No cause is too exalted and none too mean, but this peculiar force of persuasion may be employed on it for the purpose of conversion. Take the South Wales strike of colliers and iron-workers in evidence, and note the length to which the operatives have gone to convince their employers. The Union has even forced out the dozen colliers who keep Mr. Crawshay's pumps in working order, and thus the flooding of the mines is insured. Strikes are in themselves always bad enough, being always a more or less modified form of brickbatism, but to ruin permanently an opponent's property, with no corresponding gain to one's own cause, is surely as violent a form of hostility as was ever connived at by law. In principle it is much the same as standing over Mr. Crawshay and hammering him with stone or bludgeon until he sees the justice of his workmen's arguments. The mines, once thoroughly flooded, are in all probability ruined for ever; and Mr. Crawshay, beaten insensible, would be in no humour to carry on the discussion. The legitimacy of each procedure is about equivalent. When in somewhat similar fashion the gas-stokers endeavoured to plunge London in darkness to secure their end, they employed the brickbat argument, and an indignant community retaliated with the same principle by vindictivley dooming their leaders to long imprisonment. Violence begat violence, as is usually the case when the air is darkened with missive tiles.

There are occasions, however, when the flight of argumentative brickbats to and fro is as amusing to witness as the shower of padded projectiles in a pantomime rally—that is, when they are thrown with great fury and violence, but come down soft, doing no damage. The different religious parties are very fond of this diversion, and are tremendously in earnest over it. To see them in action, you would say they were animated by the deadliest hate; but it is mere make-believe, like the rage of the crowd in the harlequinade. Clerical brickbats break no bones. Our good old friend the Pope, a kindly an inoffensive old gentleman, is always taking a shy at somebody or other, but none but a thin German skull could possibly pretend to a bruise. The other day an ecclesiastical brickbat was placed in the hand of the Bishop of Exeter, with the request, "Would your lordship kindly knock down the Rev. G. Porter?" Dr. Temple poised the brickbat, and delicately delivered it like a shuttlecock, so that it fell at the Rev. G. Porter's feet, and did not hurt him. As a rule our Bishops understand how gingerly to heave these projectiles, which the clergy are always thrusting into their hands. They never really hurt. Much fiercer is the force with which a disaffected clergy fling brickbats at the Bishops. To take up any stray number of the *Church Times* is to come upon a whole cartload of projectiles, all hurled at episcopal heads. But they are merely padded bricks—mere pantomime "properties"—which the Anglicans fling about. They do not really hurt, and nobody is taken in among on-lookers but the children. They interest a few, and amuse many more. Where the weapons really do damage, as in the physical case of Sir Charles Dilke, and the material case of the Merthyr strike, we are glad to think a growing sense of justice is discountenancing brickbat arguments, and that they will one day cease; but in the hands of religious factions they will probably always be employed without leaving anybody much the better or much the worse.

◆

THE EXILE EMPEROR.

I.

NAPOLEON is gone . . . but France is here.
Will she revive, and shake away the dross
Of a whole century, and find a clear
Gain in an Emperor's loss?

II.

Beautiful France of yore was full of power,
Most charming of the nations' sisterhood:
Alas! there came a terrible wild hour . . .
A mad and cruel mood.

III.

Will she be France again—the nation we
Loved much and hated much,—our enemy old,
Yet our old friend, across the narrow sea,
Of whom fair tales are told?

IV.

Her Kings were knightly in the bygone time,
Her knights were fearless and her ladies fair;
And there was ecstacy of war and rhyme
Throughout the summer air.

V.

Why should not those old famous days return?
France is the same as ever. It is hers
With healthy ignominious scorn to spurn
Lawyers, adventurers.

VI.

Well, he is gone. And now, ye Orleanists,
Legitimists, Republicans, advance!
Amid the future's dark and dangerous mists,
Is there a King for France?

VII.

Is there a MAN . . . no drivelling trembling hound . . .
Puissant to drive the cowardly fools away;
Able to say, "Fair France her King has found—
Europe's first realm this day."

◆

THE gas companies seem bent on following the footsteps of the gas-stokers and making an attempt to leave London in darkness, and the local boards of the metropolis are not unnaturally much perturbed by the combined action of the companies, who during the past week have given notice of their intention to discontinue their present contracts for lighting the public lamps in the several districts. It is perhaps as well that matters should come to a crisis with regard to our gas, for what between bad lights and quarrels between the companies and their workmen and exorbitant charges, London is getting heartily sick of its night-lights, and would almost as soon go on in honest darkness for a time, until it has made better arrangements for the future, than lead a life of constant smell, worry, explosion, and extortion for the sake of a few prosperous companies, who cannot be content with their gains without calling attention to themselves and their imperfections by the annoyances they inflict on their customers. It now only remains for the water companies to cut off our supplies of water, and we shall at last get rid of two of the nastiest things supplied to the public.

THE late Prince Consort was a man gifted with strong common sense, and it was, perhaps, well for him that he could not foresee all that was to be done in his name, and ostensibly for his glorification, by Mr. Cole and his coadjutors at South Kensington. The Kensingtonians have been doing their worst for years to make "Albert the Good" the greatest bore of the century. Appropriate memorials of so eminent and excellent a man were demanded by the universal feeling of the country; but these unabashed busybodies have fastened themselves upon a great memory, which they have not succeeded in ruining simply because it has a strong beauty which they may smudge, but cannot obliterate. The latest freak of Messrs. Cole and Co. is thus described by the *Guardian*: "In one of the most conspicuous and central places in the South Kensington Museum, enclosed in an outer case of glass, and enshrined in a *chasse* or reliquary, is the season-ticket No. 1 to the Exhibition of 1851, with the autograph of the Prince Consort, it being the ticket which he himself used." What a relic to expose in this fashion in a great national institution!

PERSONAL.

THE condition of the Czarevitch continues to improve.

BARONESS ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD has left Paris for Pau, to spend a short time with the Queen of Naples.

JAMES ASHBURY, Esq., has exchanged his yacht *Livonia* for the *Esther*, screw-yacht, belonging to T. Brassey, Esq., M.P.

THE Springfield *Republican* calls the great American standard-bearer, Sergeant Bates, "the champion jackass of the world."

IT is stated that a new volume of sermons by Archbishop Manning will be published shortly having reference to the struggles of Pius IX.

MISS REINHARDT, the charming actress, was married on Thursday to Mr. Elliott, eldest son of Thomas Elliott, Esq., of Sunderland.

DR. BEKE contemplates a journey to the East with a view to Biblical explorations. He proposes to look for "The Mount of God" in the country east of the Gulf of Akaba.

THE Crown Prince of Germany, whose constitution was much shaken by his late illness, is expected to be completely restored to health by his visit to Naples, and will probably return to Berlin in about seven weeks.

OSCAR II. of Sweden and Norway, who was recently nominated admiral in the Danish fleet, has appointed King Christian IX. of Denmark a general of cavalry in the Swedish army.

IT affords us much pleasure to state that Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, is gradually shaking off the effects of her late fall when out hunting with the Berkeley hounds.

Two ladies who must despise each other, and whose husbands heartily hate each other, have been fraternising at Randau. We refer to the ex-Queen of Spain and her aspiring sister, the Duchess of Montpensier. Such is the effecs of a common adversity—not undeserved.

VERY few people know that the chief of the Cherokees is a graduate of Princeton College and a man of culture; or that the Cherokee nation has a society organized on the model of modern civilization, with newspapers, schools, court-houses, and the like.

IN the hunt on Thursday with the Quorn Hounds, Lady Ida Hope had a fall, and broke an arm. The fracture is simple, and it is hoped her ladyship is not otherwise hurt. Lord Grey de Wilton also fell, and is much injured. He was conveyed to Melton in a carriage.

THE decree forbidding MM. Gaspard and Louis Errayn (the gentlemen who were adjudged to have insulted M. Thiers from a Russian yacht, at Trouville, by shouting, "Vive l'Empereur!") to remain on French territory has been withdrawn by a ministerial decision on the 6th instant.

DURING the late terrible and fatal fire at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, Lord Caithness, who was stopping there, was seen with a hose-pipe in his hand, straining every nerve in a sturdy and manly struggle to combat the flames despite the diaphanous nature of his costume.

THE Duke of Medina-Cœli, surnamed "The First Gentleman of Spain," has died at the Grand Hotel in Paris at the age of sixty. He was a kind of Providence impersonated to Spaniards and others in need, and fully realized the Castilian adage attributed to his race—"The Medina-Cœli will give even to Kings."

THE *Rock* states that on Wednesday Canon Bardsley was suddenly seized with paralysis at Victora station, Manchester on leaving a carriage of the afternoon express from Liverpool. This being the second or third attack, and the symptoms being of a serious nature, his case cannot be viewed otherwise than as precarious.

MR. EDWIN JAMES has, after the lapse of eleven years and a half, petitioned the Judges of the supreme court to reverse the order of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, by which he was "disbarred." He complains that no specific charges were ever brought against him, and that he was never afforded an opportunity of rebutting a large amount of the testimony that was received.

THE American papers announce the death, at the age of seventy-eight years, of Mr. George Catlin, the artist and traveller. He was celebrated chiefly for his eight-years' sojourn among the Indians in 1832-9, during which time he visited forty-eight different tribes, and painted the portraits of 200 chiefs and famous warriors. This curious gallery was afterwards exhibited in the principal cities of America and Europe.

MR. STANLEY (says an American paper), though good as a discoverer, has failed entirely as a lecturer. His style, manner, matter, did not please his audiences, and even the *Herald* sharply criticised them, which, perhaps, is pretty good evidence of the freedom of that journal from all personal influences. On the night announced for Stanley's third lecture the attendance was very small, and the lecturer himself did not put in an appearance at all.

IT is reported that the conduct of Rear Admiral Hornby, senior officer in command of the Channel Squadron, has been made the subject of a severe communication from the Admiralty, and that he will probably be tried by court-martial for having unnecessarily endangered the ironclad ships by allowing them to remain at anchor for some days at Funchal, an open roadstead, without protection, and having a lee shore, during a succession of gales.

PADRE GUGLIELMITI, an Italian ecclesiastic, has written a work which is rather *bizarre* for a gentleman of his cloth—the history of a fleet—but then the fleet is Pontificial. In the brave days of old, when Venice had her doges, the Papacy was a maritime power of some importance, and made a figure on the seas. The Papal fleet at present consists of one small skiff, floating on the basin of the fountain, under the balcony of Meleager's chamber in the Vatican.

THOSE who saw and heard the once famous preacher, Father Hyacinthe, on his recent appearance in an evangelical church of the Rue de Provence, Paris, report that he has lost flesh, but gained in oratorial powers, since he laid aside the mystic white gown of the Dominican. In his address he compared the world to a ship tempest-tossed between the two rocks of Ultramontane Radicalism and Radical Socialism. The present mission of M. Loyson is merely to form a Church of the Future, which will reconcile Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. M. Loyson is a man of large—very large—ideas.

AT HOME.

An explosion of gun-cotton has just occurred at the Pavement Quarries of Spital, in the centre of Caithness. It seems that the charge was too large for the size of the bore. Five of the workmen were much injured. One is said to have been deprived of speech and hearing since, another had to have his right hand amputated. It is stated that the men were warned some days ago of the danger they were incurring by the want of care in using the compound.

A case of wholesale poisoning is reported from Hamptons in-Arden, near Birmingham. A provision dealer in the village had a quantity of "collared" pork in his shop, and portions were purchased by a number of the poorer inhabitants on Saturday. After partaking of the pork seventeen persons were attacked with symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Medical men were called in, and all the sufferers recovered. The remainder of the meat has been seized by the police.

Leicester-square looks a deal better of late—having had deal planks placed all round to the height of fifteen feet. The tallest boy cannot reach to the top to climb over, and if he does will scarcely ever get back alive, and will remain inside as a consequence. What will be discovered in that interior in the mysterious way, when the railings are removed in a few years hence, only a dealer in mysteries of the capacity of Sue could imagine. In the meantime the hoarding has utilitarian purposes, having been let out for advertisements.

It is reported from Bristol that a murder was committed there on Monday night by a foreign sailor who is not yet known. It appears that between eight and nine o'clock, as William Claypole, aged 17, was walking along the Welsh Back, he met two foreign sailors, against whom he accidently jostled. Claypole spoke to them, whereupon one of the men struck him a blow in the face with his fist, while the other took out a knife and stabbed him in the abdomen. Claypole staggered a few yards, fell to the ground, and died before he reached the Infirmary.

A meeting was held in Birmingham on Saturday evening to express sympathy with the imprisoned London gas stokers, and to protest against what is considered an outrage upon trades unionists. There was a large attendance, consisting chiefly of working men. Resolutions were passed strongly condemning the sentence passed by Mr. Justice Brett, and in favour of a memorial being presented to the Home Secretary that the term of imprisonment might be shortened as much as possible. A motion was also passed pledging the meeting to the support of the wives and families of the imprisoned men.

Grave allegations have been made concerning the conduct of the coastguard and lifeboat crews when the *Valid*, of Ardrossan, was wrecked at the back of the Isle of Wight. The evidence adduced at the inquest was so unsatisfactory that the coroner and the inhabitants had memorialized the Board of Trade for a special inquiry, and a telegram has been received announcing that the Board had appointed Captain Wilson to make a thorough and public investigation. Nine persons perished at the wreck of the *Valid*, and it is alleged that but for negligent blundering they might easily have been saved.

The persons arrested as accomplices in the attempted escape of Mary and Charlotte Rea, who are charged with the murder of Miss Kerr and Jane Toner at Holywood, were brought before the magistrates on Saturday. Mrs. O'Hagan and her two daughters, in the yard of whose premises the bundles of clothing were found, were remanded for a week; and Mrs. Strickland, in whose house Charlotte Rea was discovered, and Mrs. Vance, who is charged with having in her possession some of the property stolen from Croft Lodge on the night of the murder, were also remanded for a like period.

On Monday morning at eight o'clock the two men, Slane and Hayes, condemned for kicking a man to death, were hanged within the precincts of the gaol at Durham. Calcraft, who arrived in Durham on Saturday night, was the executioner. Both men walked firmly to the scaffold. Hayes stoutly declared his innocence, and called upon God to save his soul, and have mercy upon his poor wife. He also left a written statement, and said that the murdered man, Waine, had perjured himself. A large crowd gathered around the outside of the prison, but none were admitted.

A numerous deputation, consisting of M.P.'s and farmers, waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday in Downing-street, to urge on him the grievance to the agricultural interest of the malt-tax. Mr. Joshua Fielden, M.P., introduced the deputation, and dwelt on the hardship of the tax on the poor consumers of beer; but all the other speakers were practical agriculturists. Very little satisfaction, however, was accorded to them by the right hon. gentleman, whose reply in effect was that the repeal was out of the question at present, inasmuch as the state of the revenue from the abnormal demands on it would not admit of any remissions in the present year.

Before Dr. Diplock the coroner for West Middlesex, the inquiry into one of the crop of violent crimes which came with Christmas was concluded. At Ealing, it may be remembered, under the influence of jealousy, a young man named Trinder made a furious attack with a poker on a domestic servant to whom he had been paying addresses, and then, leaving her for dead, committed suicide in a most desperate and determined way. The young woman, who has with difficulty recovered, gave evidence as to the circumstances and manner of the crime; and the jury returned a verdict that the suicide had been committed while the deceased was in an unsound state of mind.

A Deputation of members of the London School Board, headed by Lord Lawrence and Mr. Charles Reed, the chairman and vice-chairman, had an interview with Mr. Forster on Saturday to press upon his attention the proposals recently adopted by the Board for the amendment of some of the details of the Education Act. Mr. Forster said that he could give the Board no definite answer on the matter now. The suggestions made had already been under consideration, and if the Government did introduce a measure on the subject, he should want to see some of the Board again, and he should ask that a small committee should be appointed, that he might consult the Board directly through them.

There is now a prospect of completing the four charges of poisoning which the police intend to prefer against the woman Mary Ann Cotton, late of West Auckland, as the confinement of that person occurred on Friday last in Durham Gaol. It will be remembered that Mrs. Cotton was committed for trial by the Bishop Auckland magistrates on the charge of poisoning her son, Charles Edward Cotton, at West Auckland, and was afterwards arraigned on a charge of poisoning a man named Nattrass, who had lodged with her, and who, on his death about Midsummer last year, left her what property he had. As soon as medical testimony can certify to her capacity to undergo transmission to Bishop Auckland she will be placed on her trial before the magistrates on these charges.

An Admiralty order disrating the petty officers of the *Aurora* has been issued, and is causing much dissatisfaction in the service. Many of these officers had nearly completed their service, and thus will lose pension money of £20 or £30 a year besides their position. They declare that they were no more able to identify the active disturbers in the dark than were the ship's corporals, who were sent below and had their lights knocked out, and that they are being punished because they did their official duty in conveying the complaints of the men to the commander, whose reception of them is condemned as having aggravated the mischief that was brewing. The reason no court-martial is held on the officers is stated to be that the Admiralty would not countenance the idea that an *émeute* under any circumstances could be justified.

There has for the past few days been a general slipping of a portion of the estate of Sir Joseph Whitworth, of Darley Hall, about midway between the villages of Rossley and Darley Dale. At a turn of the highway, a house, barn, stabling, stacks of hay, and an orchard have, with the road, been carried over four yards towards the river Derwent, which passes near the highway. The ground is upheaved as though by an earthquake, the walls being cast down, footpaths caused to rise some fifteen inches over their usual height at some places, and at others to be sunk a corresponding depth. The cause of the accident appears to be that the immense weight of *debris* that has been collected by Sir Joseph Whitworth and ornamented as grottoes, rising some sixty, and at times a hundred feet above the roadway, has pressed the side of the hill, representing some 250 yards in width, into the fields at the foot carrying the residence and road along with it.

In reference to the recent dispute between Mr. Ayrton and Dr. Hooker, in which the Chief Commissioner of Public Works had such a fine opportunity of displaying the natural tact and amenity of his disposition, we understand that a memorial to Mr. Gladstone has been prepared, which has already received the signature of almost every leading botanist in England unconnected with either Kew or the British Museum, setting forth the enormous gain which has accrued to science by the scientific work done at the gardens and herbarium at Kew under the management of the two Hookers, and the absolute necessity for the chief national herbarium to remain in immediate connection with the chief national botanic gardens. The interference of Mr. Ayrton with the internal management of Kew has had the advantage of directing the public attention to the value of this institution, and to the manner in which its usefulness has been imperilled by the ignorance and self-sufficiency of a Government officer.

A Mr. Day recently visited Norwich with a menagerie. His "pitch" was disputed by the owner of the land, who, finding all remonstrance vain, hired an army of thirty or forty stout men to remove the waggons. Mr. Day was scarcely prepared for an attack of this description; but, undaunted, he at once summoned his forces, and hostilities commenced. Finding that the attacking party had the advantage in strength, he called to his assistance his heavy cavalry—or rather his elephant. The sagacious beast, detecting the state of affairs in the twinkling of his little eye, he at once charged the enemy and put them to flight; and then, with trunk uplifted, and occasionally giving vent to a warning roar, acted the sentinel, and marched up and down in front of the caravans until a truce was declared; the owner of the land was satisfied by a money payment, and Mr. Day, dropping the character of generalissimo of the forces, resumed that of showman, and invited the public to "walk up," and to "be in time."

The adjourned inquiry into the death of Jessie Chaundler, the young woman found drowned in the river Cam, took place on Friday evening. Considerable excitement was manifested in the proceedings by a large body of the public, whose ebullitions of feeling had to be repeatedly suppressed. The gentleman referred to in the note left by the deceased as having caused her trouble voluntarily attended, and admitted that he had walked deceased out a number of times, but that nothing criminal had occurred. He (Mr. Miller) had given her money to help her out of her pecuniary difficulties, but could give no explanation of that part of the note referring to him. The witness had to hear some very uncomplimentary remarks from the public, who groaned as he left the room. After hearing statements in vindication of the young woman's moral character, the coroner summed up, and observed that the person who was guilty of the deceased's seduction was guilty of a great crime, and one which he would feel till his death. Further, that it was difficult to understand that such words as were written should have been written under such circumstances containing any intentional falsehood. The jury, after a lengthy consultation, returned a verdict—"That deceased destroyed herself whilst in a state of unsound mind." Eleven of the jury desired to strongly censure the conduct of her seducer, which they believed was the cause of her melancholy end, and the remaining juryman desired to add the name of Mr. Miller to the censure.

On Thursday afternoon, at about a quarter to three, a fatal accident occurred at Darfield Wharf, situated near the Lion Brewery, and on the Lambeth side of Charing Cross Bridge. At one side of the wharf is a long building, the loft of which was used for storing corn, and a section of this loft, on which lay at the time some fifty tons of oats, suddenly fell down. The wharf is the property of Mr. Beaumont, and at the moment of the accident Mr. West, the manager, and Mr. Bass, a builder, who had come in to procure some mouldings, were underneath, as this portion of the loft was over the passage to the place in which the mouldings were stored. The foreman, Harris, was walking across the yard to accompany them, but was called back by his wife, who asked him for the key of the coal-cellar. Immediately on the fall of the loft Harris obtained all the workmen available, and was at once aided by Mr. T. J. Thompson, of the Lion Brewery, who sent in every hand he could spare. Mr. Bennett also, who has a hay and straw wharf adjoining, sent all his hands, and in a few minutes forty men were engaged in clearing away the mass of rubbish. In about two hours the bodies of Mr. West and Mr. Bass were taken out, still warm, but lifeless. Mr. West had received a blow on the head which appeared to have been sufficient to occasion instant death. Mr. Bass was less injured outwardly, but his right leg had been snapped across just above the knee. Mr. Bass's pony, which had also been under the loft, was crushed to death, and the cart broken to pieces. A boy who was on the loft when it fell escaped without a bruise.

JOURNALISM IN PRUSSIA.

There are many admirable things in Prussia, but to a Prussian journalist the position of journalism in Prussia can scarcely be satisfactory. It gives opportunities, however, for the display of heroism, also of prudence; and it is interesting to notice the demeanour of the different editors in presence of the same difficulty or danger. The Pope's recent Allocution on the subject of Germany served as a great test of character; and almost every important newspaper had the courage to publish it in German, even after it had been made manifest by a few terrible examples that to do so would be to invite confiscation. The *Spenersche Zeitung* began by publishing the objectionable address in Latin, which, though everyone in Prussia, as in England, goes through the form of learning Latin at school, is justly looked upon by the Prussian Government as, in effect, an unknown tongue. But when the other presented the Allocution to their readers in a German translation, and drew down legal penalties upon themselves in consequence, the *Spenersche Zeitung* seems to have felt a pang of remorse at not having thrown in its fate with that of the other journals. It bravely printed the Allocution in German, and, meeting with the same punishment as its contemporaries, was "seized." The *Königsberger Zeitung*, on the other hand (this being the principal journal published in the old Prussian capital), has positively declined to imitate the daring recklessness of the Berlin sheets. It hesitated, in its own words, "between its desire to resist the injunction of the police and the care it owed to the interests of its clients;" and in the end the latter consideration triumphed, inasmuch as the police "confiscates not only the principal pages of the journal, but also the supplement containing the advertisements.

A WONDERFUL INDIAN.

The Modoc Indians seem to be good rifle shots, to judge by the following account, given by a correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of the exploits of "Scar-faced Charley," described as "one of the bravest and most dangerous Indians of the tribe," and apparently the right-hand man of Captain Jack, the head of the tribe against which an active war is now being carried on on the borders of Oregon and California. "The only way," says the writer, "to dislodge these Indians is to fight them ten to one, and go into the battle with the expectation of losing a number of men. That cannot be well avoided. Jack has some warriors who are desperate fighters, and are the best shots in this section of the country. Old "Scar-faced Charley" is said to be equal to any fifty men himself. His wonderful exploit at the fight on Lost River fully proves this. More than fifty shots were fired at him as he retreated, but he did not even get a scratch. When the firing first began the four soldiers who were trying to disarm him fired at him at twenty paces, but not one of them hit him. The old warrior fired, and at the first shot killed Private Thomas Harris; then beginning the most astonishing series of Indian somersaults and acrobatic feats, he retreated towards the water, at the same time loading his gun. Volley after volley were fired after him, but so quick and lightning-like were his gyrations that not a soldier could get accurate aim. Every once in a while, when he got his gun loaded, he would turn a back somersault and shoot from under his leg as he turned; and strange to say he never missed. Although he had nearly fifty yards to retreat before he reached the water he fired four times, killing one man and wounding three. Reaching the river bank he plunged in and swam to the other side; and though the bullets flew after him thick and fast he never received a scratch." Old "Scar-faced Charley" would be quite an "acquisition" at Wimbledon if he could be induced to pay us a visit this summer.

TWELFTH DAY IN SPAIN AND ALSACE.

This festival which closes the Christmas holidays was of old celebrated with almost as much pomp as that with which they open. The twelfth cake and characters that still delight our children are a lingering remnant of what was once one of the most important ceremonies of the Church, that of the Epiphany. This commemorates the Adoration of the Infant Saviour by the Three Wise Men, or as they have since been termed the Three Kings of the East.

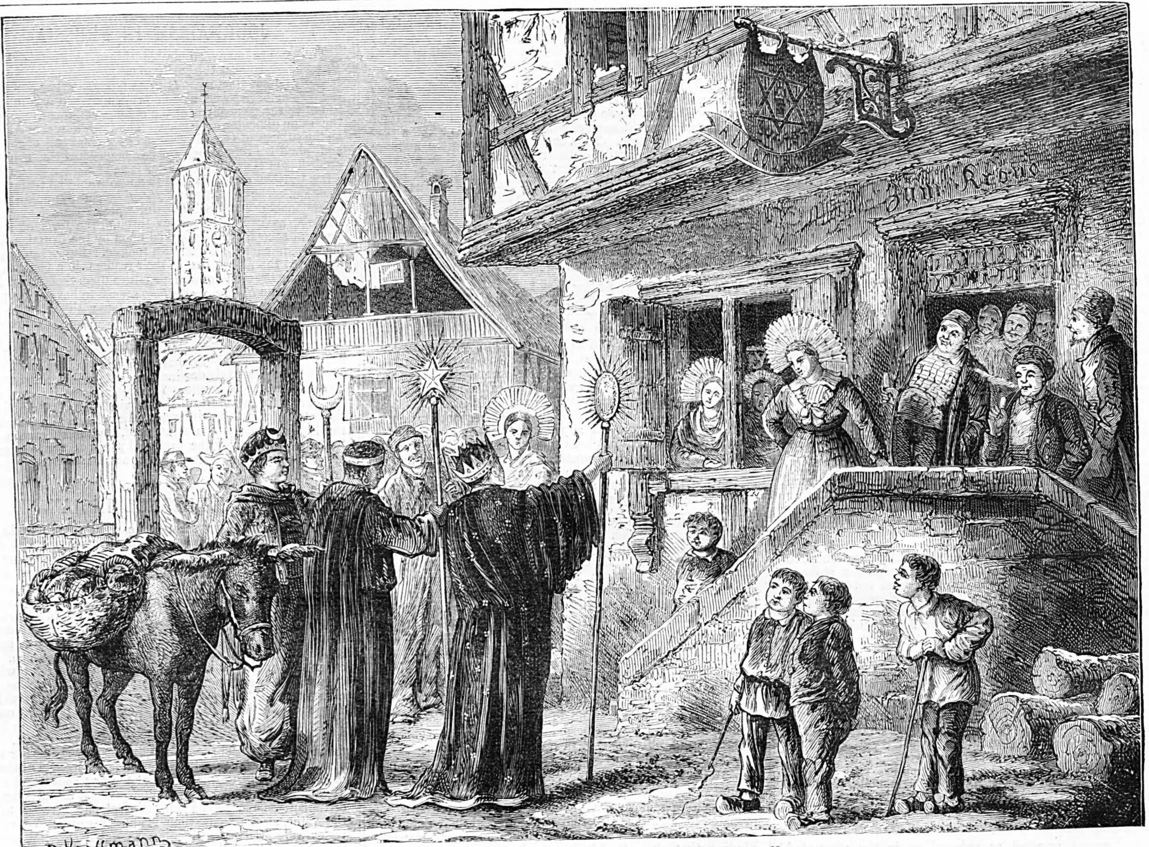
Its celebration varies in different countries. In Madrid a grotesque procession enlivens the day, and in the evening a kind of carnival takes place. From time immemorial this festival has been chosen to play off a trick on one of the long-backed, bandy-legged little natives of Gallicia, who are the water-carriers and porters of the Spanish capital. A Gallego fresh from his native mountains is secured, and is told that the Kings are coming in the evening, and that he had better go and meet them. Well plied with liquor, he starts off in the midst of a merry band, and is made to carry a heavy ladder, up which he is to go, as he is assured that those whom the Kings first catch sight of will be rewarded with some of the gifts they give. Every now and then the cry is raised that the Kings are in sight, and the victim, who is sweating along beneath his heavy ladder, halts, and runs up it like a monkey. This is repeated till those round him are tired of the fun. Of course the Gallego, stupid as he is, soon finds out the trick, if he has not been put up to it before; but as he gets plenty to drink, does his best to furnish sport.

In Alsace this festival is still celebrated with much pomp. The day arrived, young lads selected by the municipalities disguise themselves as the Three Kings, and go from door to door through the streets of their town or village. They are dressed in white gowns, fastened round the waists with bright coloured ribbons, and adorned with fantastic decorations, and wear gilt crowns. One of them carries a golden star at the end of a stick, the others a pilgrim's staff, a sceptre, or a crozier, even the one with blackened face who represents the King from the land of the Moors.

Thus equipped, and accompanied by a donkey destined to carry the offerings, they make their rounds, stopping to sing before each house a Christmas carol. It is hardly necessary to say that they are well received. Everyone gives what he can—wine, eggs, cake, money—with the best grace in the world; for all the gifts thus collected are shortly afterwards re-distributed amongst the poor, who thus have their share of the festivities of the day.

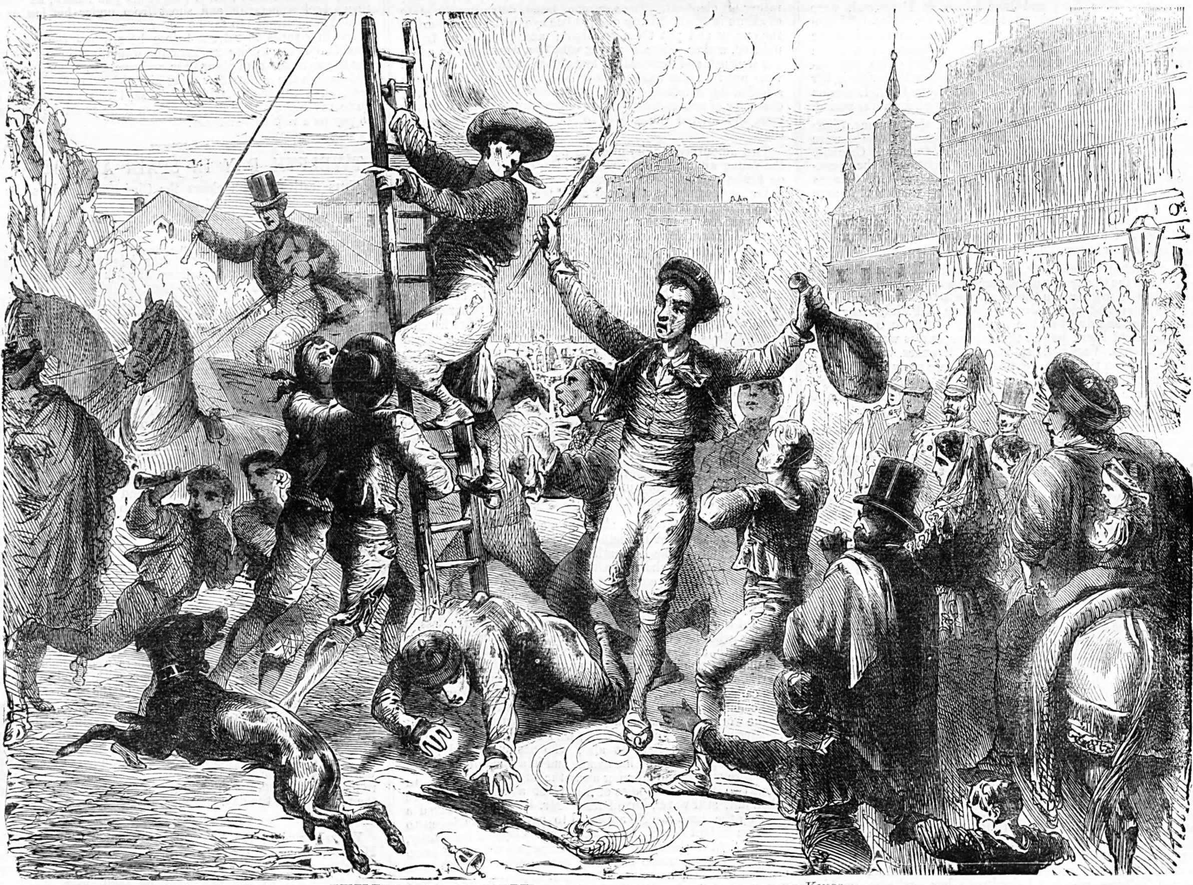
* * *

With regard to the injury done by the torpedoes in the Medway, it has been decided that those in Long Reach shall be taken up this week, as it was there the greatest damage was sustained by the fishermen by their nets becoming entangled by the torpedoes.

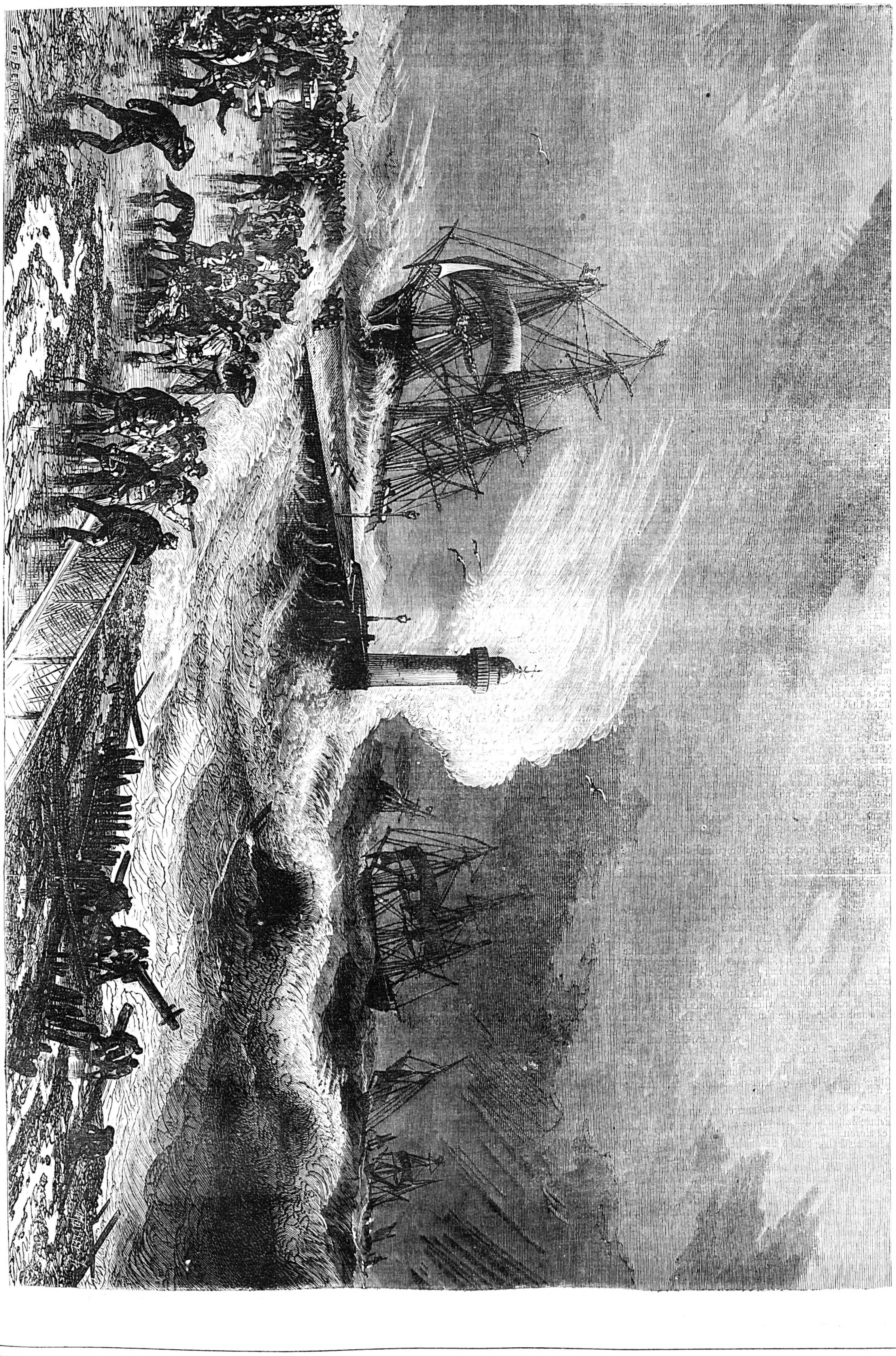


Zum Kreuz
D. Vollmann

TWELFTHDAY IN ALSACE.—The Festival of the Three Kings.



TWELFTH DAY IN MADRID.—Watching for the Arrival of the Kings.



THE PORT AND LIGHTHOUSE OF HAVRE DURING THE RECENT GALES.

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The Emperor Napoleon died at Chislehurst on Thursday morning, the sad event being made public in the following bulletin:—

"January 9, 11 a.m.—The Emperor was visited by his medical attendants at 11 o'clock last night; again at 2 a.m. by Dr. Conneau; at 4 a.m. by Dr. Le Corvisart, and at 6 a.m. by Sir Henry Thompson, each of whom found him sleeping soundly, and materially better than on the preceding night; pulse between 80 and 84. At 9.45 this morning his Majesty was seen by the above named, and also by Mr. Clover, and an operation at noon was decided on. The pulse was then 84, strong and regular, and the local symptoms improved. At 10.25 signs of sinking appeared, the heart's action suddenly failed, and he died at 10.45.

(Signed) "Henry Thompson.
Dr. Conneau.
Dr. Le Baron Corvisart.
J. T. Clover."

LAST MOMENTS OF THE EMPEROR.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 8th inst., Mr. Clover, the most experienced administrator of chloroform in this, if not in any other country, was requested to come to Chislehurst; and Sir Henry Thompson also desired the attendance of his assistant, Mr. Foster, so that nothing might be wanting in case an operation should become at any moment necessary. At Camden-place, therefore, during the night of Wednesday, there were present Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Conneau, Dr. Le Baron Corvisart, and Mr. Clover. About eleven in the evening the doctors consulted together, and then visited his Majesty, who slept soundly, and whose condition was pronounced by them to be quite satisfactory. The arrangement was made that they should take it in turns to ascertain the state of the patient during the night; and the first report made at two o'clock yesterday morning by Dr. Conneau, was that all went well. Two hours afterwards Dr. le Baron Corvisart made his inspection, and reported to the same effect; and at 6 a.m. Sir Henry Thompson, in his turn, made a most careful examination of the Emperor's skin and breathing, without in any way disturbing him from the tranquil slumber which he enjoyed, apparently without interruption. Sir Henry took particular care to examine the local symptoms, and found that they exhibited material improvement—a matter to which he paid the more scrupulous attention, because he knew that the third operation was to be performed within a few hours. Everything in the appearances presented combined to make him satisfied both with the state of the patient and with the prospect of the coming day's critical work. When, at half-past eight, Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Conneau, and Dr. Le Baron Corvisart visited the Emperor together, making a minute examination into the patient's state, they saw nothing to alter the view entertained by each individually on former inspections, believing, from all the apparent symptoms, that no cause for uneasiness existed, if, indeed, the Emperor had not materially improved since the evening before. To make precaution perfectly complete, Mr. Clover, who was to administer chloroform in a few hours afterwards, was taken to the Emperor's room by all the surgeons, and after close examination he declared that there was no risk in administering chloroform to the patient—that, in fact, he was quite prepared to administer it there and then. The Emperor's pulse was at this time beating from 80 to 84, fully and regularly; and after Mr. Clover's confident assurance that there was no objection to his placing his Majesty under the influence of the anæsthetic, either at once or at such times as the operating surgeons might desire, it was fixed that the operation should be undertaken at noon. Although no consultation was fixed to take place before the time for operating arrived, Sir Henry Thompson, as an additional precaution, paid another visit to the Emperor at twenty-five minutes past ten. Greatly to his surprise, after the cheering signs of little more than half an hour before, he observed a sudden change in the condition of the patient, which he believes to have taken place just about the very moment when he entered the room. Instantly he caused the other medical attendants to be summoned; and it could not be for a moment disguised from their experienced eyes that the Emperor was fast sinking, beyond any power of theirs to recall him.

Her Majesty the Empress, at once repaired to the bedside of her husband; but he did not appear to reconise her—he was sinking rapidly, notwithstanding the small doses of brandy which were ordered to be given to him, and which had produced a momentary reaction. The Empress Eugénie at once ordered a telegraphic despatch to be sent to M. Fallon, at Woolwich, begging him to bring the young Prince Imperial to Chislehurst at once; and then sent for the Abbé Goddard, the parish priest of Chislehurst. The priest arrived a few moments afterwards. The Empress Eugénie, the Duke de Bassano, Viscount Clary, Count Davillier, M. Piétri, and Madame Lébreton were kneeling by the bedside, and nothing could be heard in the room but the prayers of the priest and the sobbing of those present. The Emperor appeared to give some signs of consciousness when the Empress approached the bedside and embraced the Emperor. The Emperor then made signs that he wished to give his last kiss to his devoted wife, after which he made a slight movement, heaved two sighs, and expired. The Empress, hitherto perfectly calm, could no longer restrain her feelings; she uttered a cry of anguish and despair, and fell fainting on a chair; her Majesty was obliged shortly afterwards to be removed to her own apartment.

THE EMPRESS AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Prince Imperial did not arrive at Chislehurst till some time after eleven. It is impossible to depict his despair at not having seen his father before he expired. When the Prince drove up, he darted at once from the carriage, exclaiming, "My father!" Count Davilliers took him by the hand, and said, "Monseigneur, we need courage; the Emperor is very ill—very ill." At this moment the Prince observed that the parish priest was present. He became fearfully pale, and staggered at first; then, by an effort he resisted this first effect of sorrow; his look became fixed, but was painful to see. "Tell me the truth," said he, with a feeble voice; "I am able to bear it." Sighs were the only response. At last the Empress was able to tell him, amidst her tears, and pressing him closely in her arms, "Louis, my poor child, I have none now but thee!" The Empress then conducted him to the bedside of his dead father. He kissed him several times, and placed upon his breast (as the Abbé Goddard and the Empress had done previously) a small spray of box. The Prince was greatly affected. When at length he was induced to leave the room, he inquired of M. Davillier the circumstances connected with his father's death. The late Emperor's principal equerry explained all to the young Prince, who continued throughout to weep most bitterly.

When those who had been absent an hour or two, leaving the Emperor, as they supposed in a state of improvement, came back to find him no more, they were naturally thrown into a state of the most painful consternation. At first the Empress bore her great calamity with marvellous fortitude, as if scarcely realizing the possibility that such a loss should have befallen when all seemed comparatively hopeful and secure. But when gradually the terrible truth came home to her mind in all its force, her courage gave way; and she was most painfully depressed, and at times almost frantic in her grief. The Prince Imperial, though sobbing bitterly and broken-hearted at his own bereavement, was manfully doing his best to console his mother, and his efforts were seconded by the spiritual encouragements supplied by the Rev. Mr. Goddard, of the little Catholic chapel on Chislehurst-common, who, although he arrived just in time to witness the Emperor's last breath, and too late to administer the extreme Sacrament of his Church, has been assiduous in the task of consolation.

The Empress Eugénie's first night of widowhood was terrible; no entreaties could prevent her from proceeding several times to the mortuary chamber, where a sister of the order of the Dames de Bon Secours was in waiting, and spending many hours in prayer beside the inanimate form of her husband. In the morning her Majesty was more composed. As for the Prince Imperial, his silent grief was inexpressibly saddening. To those who venture to address him he replies, "What could I tell you?" All the world knows the deep affection which existed between the Emperor and his son.

THE APPEARANCE AFTER DEATH.

The bed-room which witnessed the closing scene of a great life is small and simply furnished, and contained two beds—one originally belonging to the apartment; the other, a small iron bedstead, on which the Emperor lay, had been brought from another room, as more convenient for the purpose of the operations. This bed stood on the left hand, guarded by a screen; and the chief ornament of the room was a golden cross, so placed that it could be seen by the Emperor in his last moments. The coffin, which was of lead, was placed upon two trestles in the centre of the room. Dressed in the blue uniform of a French General, and displaying all the insignia of honour which the deceased had had the title to wear during his lifetime, the body lay as though placidly slumbering, the head resting upon a white pillar. On the breast was a small ivory crucifix, together with a rose, a few forget-me-nots, and, it need hardly be added, the violets which are inseparable from the family associations of the Napoleons. The countenance of the dead Emperor was remarkably calm, as if he had been merely asleep—as, indeed, he may be said to have been when he passed away; and, looking at the face alone, it was hard to realise the stern fact of death. The eyes were softly and tranquilly closed, and the whole aspect might have seemed to show, not only that he died without pain, but that no such agony as he suffered during the past weeks and months had been endured. The lines of the countenance were not worn, and the familiar visage, with the moustache and imperial untouched, was perfectly unchanged. Physically speaking the late Emperor's frame was robust, and the chest especially was full and strong. The head was very large, and the forehead a particularly prominent feature.

ROYAL AND LOCAL SYMPATHY.

Immediately after the death of the Emperor, telegrams containing full details as to the actual cause of his decease, his final moments, and the condition of the Empress, were forwarded to the Royal Family of England and to other royal personages. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Arthur, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, at once caused messages to be telegraphed back, expressing their utmost sympathy, and sincerely condoling with the Empress in her great sorrow. A special messenger reached Chislehurst at 10 p.m., with a letter from her Majesty, expressing, in terms of true womanly feeling, condolence with the Empress in her bereavement. This the Empress described as one of her greatest consolations. As the news of the death of Napoleon III. became known, Camden-place was inundated with consolatory and sympathising telegraphic despatches from all quarters. All day long the small boys in grey uniform were rushing from the telegraph office on the common with messages of business or condolence. In this manner the King of Sweden and Norway, the Queen of the Netherlands, the Pope, the King of Italy, and several other royal personages, expressed their sorrowful sympathy, while it would exhaust half the pages of the red book to name the personages of note in England who also telegraphed or wrote an expression of their regret. One of the most touching dispatches is that sent by a French *ouvrier*. It is couched in these terms:—"*Madame, un ouvrier sellier et toute sa famille partagent votre douleur.*"

The Prince of Wales, on his return from hunting on Thursday, received intelligence of the Emperor Napoleon's death, and immediately requested his host, Sir Anthony Rothschild, to put off the French theatricals which were to have formed a part of the entertainment. In consequence of the death, the county ball at Sandringham, which was fixed for Friday, the 17th inst., is now postponed to Friday, the 31st inst.

Lord Sydney, who lives in the neighbourhood, was among the first to learn the intelligence, and was in attendance almost immediately. The Duke and the Princess of Teck also repaired to Camden-place, where they arrived at two o'clock, when the Princess had an interview with the ex-Empress. Colonel Colville subsequently came down expressly from the Duke of Edinburgh. Late on Thursday evening the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge again sent down to make inquiries respecting the state of the Empress and the Prince Imperial. The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Teesdale, paid a visit of condolence to the Empress on Saturday. Her Majesty felt unequal to receive him personally, but his Royal Highness stayed some time at Camden-place. Prince Christian, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar, the Italian minister, Lord Sydney, Lord and Lady Cowley, and many other distinguished visitors have called or left their names.

A Reuter's telegram, dated Rome, 10th January, says:—"In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Lanza rose, and said that Italy had heard with profound sorrow the news of the death of the Emperor Napoleon. Italy, he added, cannot forget that he contributed efficaciously by his advice and his army to the liberation, independence, and unity of Italy. Signor Lanza was loudly cheered. The journals publish obituary notices very favourable to the Emperor."

The Roman Municipal Council have voted an address of condolence with the Empress Eugénie on the death of the Emperor.

Through Reuter's agency we also learn that the newspapers of Milan have opened a subscription for a monument to Napoleon III., to be erected in Milan, as being the first city delivered from Austrian rule by the French arms. The subscriptions receive numerous signatures of support. The first list published by the *Perseveranza* exceeds £1,000. A solemn funeral service is to be celebrated in the cathedral. A national subscription has been opened in Venice for a monument to Napoleon III.

THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.

The post-mortem examination of the late Emperor was made at Camden-place on Friday, the 10th inst. It was conducted with great care by Dr. Burdon Sanderson, F.R.S., Professor of Physiology in University College, London, and Professor-Superintendent of the Brown Institute, an eminent physician and pathologist, whose attendance was specially requested for the purpose. We subjoin an official summary of the results of the investigation.

The most important result of the examination was that the kidneys were found to be involved in the inflammatory effects produced by the irritation of the vesical calculus (which must have been in the bladder several years) to a degree which was not suspected; and if it had been supposed, could not have been ascertained. The disease of the kidneys was of two kinds: there was, on the one hand, dilatation of both ureters and of the pelves of the kidneys; on the left the dilatation was excessive, and had given rise to atrophy of the glandular substance of the organ. On the other, there was sub-acute inflammation of the uriniferous tubes, which was of more recent origin. The parts in the neighbourhood of the bladder were in a healthy state; the mucous membrane of the bladder and prostatic urethra exhibited signs of sub-acute inflammation, but not the slightest indication of injury. In the interior of the bladder was found a part of a calculus, the form of which indicated that half had been removed. Besides this, there were two or three extremely small fragments, none of them larger than a hemp-seed. This half calculus weighed about three-quarters of an ounce, and measured 1½ by 1 5-16th of an inch. There was no disease of the heart nor of any other organ, excepting of the kidneys. The brain and its membranes were in a perfectly natural state. The blood was generally liquid, and contained only a very few small clots. No trace of obstruction by coagula could be found either in the venous system, in the heart, or in the pulmonary artery. Death took place by failure of the circulation, and was attributed to the general constitutional state of the patient. The disease of the kidneys—of which this state was the expression—was of such a nature, and so advanced, that it would in any case have shortly determined a fatal result.

Signed by all present.

J. Bourdon Sanderson, M.D.
Dr. Conneau.
Dr. Le Baron Corvisart.
Henry Thompson.
J. T. Clover.
John Foster.

Camden-place, Chislehurst, Jan. 10, 1873, 6.30 p.m.

Sir William Gull left Camden-place as soon as the autopsy was over, and was not present at the careful consideration and discussion of the facts which ensued by the other medical men assembled. He records a separate opinion on one point only, viz., the origin of the calculus, in the following terms:—

"I desire to express the opinion that the phosphate of lime calculus which formed the nucleus of the mass was the result of the prior cystitis (catarrhus vesicæ), and not the cause of it. This nucleus was of uncertain duration, and may even have been more recent than supposed in the appended report. However this may be, it was encrusted by two distinct and recent formations of crystalline phosphate. The inner incrustation around the amorphous phosphate of lime was dense, and separated from the outer incrustation by a lesser cellular but crystalline deposit of triple phosphate. It seems, to my judgment, more in accordance with clinical experience to regard the cystitis as the prior lesion, and that this, by extension, as is common in such cases, affected subsequently the ureters and pelvis of the kidneys. No doubt, in the later stages of the malady the calculus, by its formation and increase, was an augmenting cause of the lesions.

"The other facts and statements I entirely endorse.

"Jan. 10th, 1873." "William W. Gull, M.D.

MEDICAL SUMMARY: THE EMPEROR'S ILLNESS.

The *Lancet* says that for some years past the Emperor has occasionally experienced symptoms which awakened suspicion of vesical disease. During the late war his sufferings were great. For some time after the arrival of the Emperor, (March 18th, 1871) on our shores from Wllhelmshöhe, where his symptoms were notably diminished by repose, the same immunity was observed. But during the last year the former troubles reappeared with intensity. Dr. le Baron Corvisart during all this time affirmed the presence of a stone in the bladder, in which opinion Dr. Conneau joined. Hence Sir H. Thompson was consulted in July last, meeting Sir William Gull, but the Emperor declined to act on their advice. On the 31st of October Sir James Paget was called to Chislehurst, accompanied by Sir William Gull. He advised that an examination should be made, and the question of the presence of calculus decided. At this time his Majesty had been compelled to give up horse exercise, then the carriage, and finally his habit of walking. During the next few weeks he was confined to his chamber, and the irritability was constant and extremely distressing. Towards the end of December the Emperor decided to see Sir H. Thompson a second time. Accordingly on Tuesday, December 24th, he accompanied Sir William Gull, and advised, unhesitatingly, that a complete examination should be made without delay under chloroform, as the localsen sibility was extreme. This course was unanimously held to be necessary, and the Emperor consented. Accordingly, on the 2nd of January, the same party met again at Chislehurst, Mr. Clover also being present to give chloroform. His Majesty took it quickly and well. Sir H. Thompson introduced a sound, and at once detected a large stone. He then introduced a lithotrite, and seized and measured the stone, which he believed to be phosphatic, and as large as a walnut or large chestnut. His Majesty placed himself at once in the hands of his advisers, desiring only that there should be as little delay as possible. On January 2nd, 1873, at 3.30 p.m.—present Sir William Gull, Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Conneau, Dr. le Baron Corvisart, Mr. Clover, and Mr. Foster—Sir H. Thompson crushed the stone freely, removing débris largely. The pains and irritation increased during the next few days, and it was therefore decided to operate again without delay, and to remove the irritating fragments. On January 6th, 10 a.m., all were present as before, and everything was arranged for operation at this hour. Just before the time appointed his Majesty was attacked by a rigor, and postponement was necessary. He recovered from the more obvious effects in an hour and-a-half, and, as it was absolutely essential to relieve the bladder, he was placed under the influence of chloroform by Mr. Clover at 12 o'clock. Lithotrity was performed, and a still larger quantity removed than at the first sitting.

The *British Medical Journal* reports:—"At 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, at 2 a.m. and 6 a.m. on Thursday morning, the Emperor was found, when visited by his medical attendants, to be sleeping naturally and soundly, and to be altogether better than on the previous days. At a little before 10 he was still in a state of comparative ease, and everything promised well for the next operation, which was arranged to take place at noon. But at 25 minutes past 10 he was found to be suddenly sinking; he became unconscious; the pulse, which had previously been at 84, rapidly fell, and the heart failed in its action. The signs of sudden prostration and rapidly approaching dissolution appeared. Nor were any means which could be employed in any degree successful in averting a suddenly fatal result. It was evident that death was occurring, either from a rapid failure of action of the heart, or from arrest of the circulation by a blood-clot. Death followed within twenty minutes from the first seizure, the Emperor having been unconscious throughout, and of course also insensible to pain, and spared from the pangs of death. It was hard, even for those who are taught by professional discipline, to preserve their whole powers intact and alert during such emergencies, to realize the sad truth. For the agonized wife, to whom such bereavement seemed physically as well as morally incredible and overwhelming, its suddenness and tranquillity may well have seemed to add an additional pang to her moral suffering. Such a termination to this history painfully illustrates the uncertainties which beset, and the perils which underlie our art. It has nothing in common with lithotrity as such, but is a fatal incident, such as is recorded from time to time in conditions of apparent health, and also after any kind of operation."

The post-mortem examination has made it evident that the sudden death of the ex-Emperor was due to the shock of an operation twice undergone, added to the severe suffering which followed on each occasion, and all acting upon a constitutional state already desperate. Had the existence of advanced organic disease of the kidneys been discovered beforehand lithotrity would probably not have been attempted, and he would have lived on a little longer in pain and suffering. With advanced disease of the kidneys treatment by lithotrity is very hazardous, and nearly sure to hasten what is an already certainly fatal issue.

The *Union Medicale* of Paris makes the following strange statement on the authority of Professor See. It says that on July the 1st, 1870, Napoleon feeling very ill, a consultation took place between Drs. Nelaton, Ricord, Fauvel, Corvisart, and See. Their unanimous opinion was that the diagnosis indicated the presence of stone, and an immediate operation was recommended. Dr. Conneau was charged to communicate this opinion to the Empress Eugénie. But from political considerations the matter was hushed up, the Empress was not told anything on the subject, and the terrible disease, curable at first, but which in its nature gets worse every day, was allowed to go on augmenting its frightful force for two years and a half. The *Union Medicale* adds, that if on July 1st the truth had been told to the Empress the probability is that the Emperor would have been cured, and that France would have been spared the war declared on July 3.

IMPORTANT ARRIVALS AT CHISLEHURST.

On Saturday, Chislehurst was the scene of an immigration of important Bonapartist personages. Foremost of all were Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde and the Princess Clotilde leaning on his arm. They travelled through Belgium and Germany, and arrived at Charing-cross by the morning mail. Prince Napoleon stood on the platform in the midst of his suite, and his extraordinary resemblance to Napoleon the First attracted all looks to his person. With the Prince and Princesses were several members of the Bonaparte and Murat families. The other arrivals were the Duc de Cambacéres, M. Paul de Cassagnac, the Duc d'Uzuc, M. d'Aiguecvive, M. Roucher, and others.

On Sunday the scene was one of considerable excitement, and the incidents of the day were of no slight interest. Trains from the metropolis brought by hundreds French, German, and English visitors, till the little village was full of strangers, and its normal quietness was materially disturbed. So great was the number of people who demanded admittance at the gates of Camden House, that it became a matter of the utmost difficulty to discern between those who had a claim to enter and those who had none. Carriages came up almost every minute, some containing friends of the Imperial family, who had travelled from Paris for the purpose of taking part in the funeral obsequies, but many bringing members of the English aristocracy, bent on the errand of showing their sympathy for the bereaved by inscribing their names in the visitors'-book at the lodge. Unhappily, as may be imagined when many people of various minds had been gathered together by such a striking and momentous event, the crowd had its rough element. Attracted by the news of the Emperor's death, some six or seven ruffians, of whom it is impossible to speak in language too strong, finding themselves unable to pass the lodge gates, walked to that part of the park barriers which is nearest the house, and there shouted forth the "Marseillaise," to the painful annoyance of the Imperial family, and the intense disgust of their visitors and sympathisers. So monstrous a breach of decency created some sensation; but its source, it is a pleasure to say, was, like its character, altogether un-English. Later in the evening an attempt was made to discover and apprehend the men who had behaved in this shameful manner, but without success.

THEIR RECEPTION BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

While the scene outside the gates was one of some little disorder, owing to the number of strangers that had entered the village, inside Camden House itself everything was impressive and solemn. The Princes of the Bonaparte family and the ladies who belonged to the Court of St. Cloud, statesmen and Generals of the army, assembled in the hall and quietly conversed upon the topic uppermost in everybody's mind. In this way the afternoon wore on, and when it was almost dusk a slight stir near the principal entrance announced the advent of the Prince Imperial—who, accompanied by M. Filon, his tutor, and the son of Dr. Conneau, had arrived from the house of Count Clary, where he is at present staying. Repairing to the apartments of the Empress for a few moments, the Prince presently returned, and on his reappearance the assembled visitors ranged themselves round the hall. Very striking was the *coup d'œil* presented at that moment. In the centre stood the Prince, cap in hand, dressed in the simple uniform of a Woolwich cadet. Around him were senators and officers of the French army—many of them bearing names famous in the military and political history of the Empire, and having played no insignificant part in the transactions of the French nation during the last twenty years. After gracefully bowing to the general circle, the Prince proceeded to shake hands with every individual present; and as he passed from one personage to another, addressing to each some kindly inquiry or some brief acknowledgment of expressed sympathy, all who were there appeared, even under the cloud of their great sorrow, to feel that something more of the formal character of a Court had passed into the life of Chislehurst than ever had been recognised before the death of Napoleon III. To an eye-witness it certainly seemed that the son of the late Emperor entered at least upon the duties and courtesies of his new and unexpected position with a grace and a promise which the adherents of his cause must have considered of good augury for his and their future. A correspondent, who inquired of M. Pietri, the late Emperor's private secretary, respecting the health of the Prince Imperial, that gentleman politely corrected him by a significant emphasis as he replied: "*His Majesty* supports himself with great courage," thus carrying out the monarchical maxim, "The King is dead; Long live the King."

THE EFFECT OF THE NEWS IN PARIS.

The news of the Emperor Napolaon's death reached the Versailles Government before three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and, although not officially announced from the chair in the Assembly, was speedily known in that body. Indeed, conversation on the event suspended business for a quarter of an hour. M. Rouher and all the small Bonapartist group at once left the House to show their grief.

The *Gaulois* contains the following letter:—"It was at three o'clock that I learned the fatal news at the club. I ran through the Rue de l'Elysée—What a sight! I shall not forget it while I live! The doors of the Emperor's little hotel were open, and a confused and agitated crowd were clustering on the footway, crowding the corridors, and ascending and descending the stairs incessantly. The people of the house and the servants at first tried to interpose a barrier in the way of this eagerness; this attempt had speedily to be given up in the face of the groups of hurried visitors. The strictest instructions were broken through, and the people entered the apartments unopposed. I went into the little *salon* on the right, so well known to the *habitués* who used to come in the evenings to talk over their regrets and recollections. Madame and Mdlle. Rouher were in their wonted places, surrounded by faithful friends who were weeping. On the first floor the scene was different. M. Rouher had just arrived from the Chamber, whence he had brought the official confirmation of the catastrophe, his eyes red and swollen, and extreme pallor testifying to his depression and to the deep sorrow which he felt in the loss of a master so sincerely beloved. In a dark corner Prince Charles Bonaparte lay on a divan, repressing his sobs with difficulty. He pressed upon his pale lips a handkerchief moistened with tears, while convulsive spasms shook his whole frame. His sufferings were terrible to behold. From this moment my eyes became dim, and I could no longer recognize any one. A dense crowd, compact and dark, moved about before me without my being able, as they passed, to give a name to any one of the blurred and distorted images which moved across my gaze as in a funeral vision. Nevertheless I noticed working men, men of the people in blouses, who dropped hot tears. Certain soldiers, easily to be distinguished by their thick moustaches, and their closely-buttoned attire, made unheard-of efforts not to burst out in public. One of these held by the hand a little girl. It was clear that the terrible news had startled him in the Champs Elysées, where he was walking carelessly with his little girl in the pleasant light of the winter sun. He had run up and learned the truth. He said nothing, but stood there, pale, with his brows knit, his mouth gathered up, and convulsively embraced his child, while two great tears coursed down his cheeks, bronzed by the sun of Africa and Italy.

"I remained no longer. I grasped in passing a few friendly hands, and hurried home to give vent to my grief. My thoughts were then occupied in tracing out the events of the morning. I had seen the interior of Camden House, which is familiar to me. On the bed of death, his head resting on the pillows, the wan and worn countenance of the Emperor seemed to rise in relief, and to come before me modelled with the clearness of a medal. Standing near the wall, I seemed to see the Empress and the Prince Imperial, the mother and son, the Regent and Napoleon IV. I thought upon the ten supreme minutes which had preceded the death of the Emperor, and I shuddered in speculating upon the terrible ideas which must have passed through that head. 'God sometimes gives,' it is said, 'to the dying a prescience of the future.' What had the Emperor seen beyond the veils of destiny which death was about to remove from the eyes already darkened by the approach of the supreme moment? Did he see in the future his race persecuted, proscribed, dragged from one place of exile to another a fictitious crown, and perishing in an Austrian castle, like the Duke of Reichstadt? Or, on the other hand, did he behold the hand of the Sovereign Justices restoring all things to their places; his vicar on the Throne of the Vatican, and at the head of the French people, restored to reason, a young Prince, sensible, brave, noble, and good, bearing in the midst of a new aureole of glory the magic name of Napoleon."

In Paris, the news of the Emperor's death was received on Thursday afternoon too late for newspaper comments, but there was a tremendous rush for the papers, and, despite the unfavourable weather, the Boulevards were crowded with excited groups, busily discussing the unexpected intelligence. There was a rise of 15c. in the evening at the Petite Bourse, which is not, however, considered to indicate anything more than a temporary effect of the news. The consequences of the event were discussed by groups of persons in the crowd, and it was evident from what was said that the ex-Emperor had retained a strong hold on public opinion.

Manifestations of regret were visible amongst the Parisians as well as amongst the foreign residents. Many men were to be seen with crape on their hats on account of the melancholy event; and women clad in deep mourning, for the same cause, were frequently met. There was an enormous demand for the Bonapartist papers. Crowds were to be seen on the Boulevards struggling for the possession of copies. (*See Engraving*)

The Paris *Figaro* reports that on the night of the Emperor's death a gentleman living in the Rue de l'Elysée, near M. Rouher's house, illuminated his windows. The commissary of police has summoned him before the magistrate for causing a public scandal.

The 69th Regiment of the Line marched up the Rue de Rivoli on Sunday, preceded by its band, its flag being draped with crape. A military band and a regiment of soldiers invariably attract the people. They rush forth from their shops or houses, or avocations, to see the soldiers march by, and crowds of boys attempt to stride out their little legs to march in time with the little red-legged soldiers to the martial music. Suddenly the rumour ran through the street that the crape was a Bonapartist manifestation; this was the first regiment which had pronounced;" the example would prove contagious, and would tend to another revolution. It presently transpired that the regiment was marching to bury its colonel, which accounted for the crape on the drums and colours. Leave to attend the funeral of the Emperor was refused to many officers in active service, and they were warned that if they absented themselves they would be dismissed.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

The *Journal des Débats*, commenting on the event, is impressed by its suddenness and the character of chastisement which it bears. The journal says this man was the great illusion of our country, and the mass of the nation dreamt with him. The awaking was terrible, but history, in judging the event, may take into account his sad end. The Empire is now dead and buried, and now at least the Empire is peace—the peace of the tomb.

The *République Francaise* considers the Bonapartist party at an end, and points out what the two empires cost France in money blood, shame, and disaster, and passes a most severe judgment on both Emperors, and also says they were only powerful by force of lies, and by lies they fell. Napoleon dead, the Napoleonic legend vanishes completely. The hero of Strasburg, Boulogne, and the nephew of Austerlitz, and the Woolwich cadet is the son of Sedan. It is indeed finished.

The *Gaulois* appears with a black border, and says that to-day it is not the sovereign whom we mourn, but the man who felt much more from the effect of shameful treasons and infamous calumnies than from physical disease.

The *Paris Journal* trusts that his death, by reducing the number of pretenders to the throne, may not lessen the country's hopes of a calm and orderly future.

The *XIXme. Siècle* says that the death of the ex-Emperor, for the moment that men will think of it, will only carry their thoughts to Alsace. All the importance of this news may be summed up in the words, "The Empire was dead—the Emperor has just died."

The *Francais* says:—"The man of our times who has undergone the most striking vicissitudes of fortune is no more. He has not long survived his reverses. His mind was a strange compound of vague reminisences and vague aspirations. He was at once a fatalist and a sceptic. He had a constitution which was Italian and yet Dutch. It may be asked if this phlegmatic utopist ever put to himself questions which no one ever asked him openly. Did he ever know exactly whether here below he discharged a mission or played a part? We shall afterwards reply to these questions. They have a serious interest for comtemporary history.

The *Pays*, the Bonapartist organ, says:—"Let us rise. The Emperor is dead. Those who regretted that he had not fallen on the field of battle on the 1st of September, 1870, may rejoice, for his death is a consequence of Sedan. And you, Bonapartists, dry your eyes, repress your sobs, and upstanding let us close our ranks around his son, repeating the old cry of the former French monarchy—'The Emperor is dead; long live the Empire!' It is well known that we have never sought for or desired the imperial restoration until the country had been completely liberated from foreign occupation. Now, as about that period the Prince will enter into his 20th year, and be at the age which qualifies him for a soldier, it appears to us that he may well be an Emperor."

The death of Napoleon III. excites comparatively little attention here in Berlin. The press notices are brief, and as a rule without bitterness. They chiefly turn upon the future prospects of the Imperial party. It seems to be generally thought in political circles that there will soon be two Bonapartist factions, one led by Prince Napoleon, and the other by the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial. It is also thought that the death of Napoleon III. will improve the prospects of the Imperial dynasty.

The Italian journals publish obituary notices very favourable to the late Emperor.

The obituary notices in the Austrian papers breath relentless hatred and unmitigated bitterness. In them there is not a word of mercy or compassion at the strange turns of fate which raised and precipated him again. The lie was his element, says one; he owed his birthright to a lie, the throne he owed to a lie, he fell at Sedan with a lie on his lips, and whatever he may have said on his death-bed can have been but a lie. In the first burst of bitterness all the evils which have befallen Austria for the last twenty years are directly traced to his fatal agency.

Though many American notices are unfavourable, in some at least justice has been done.

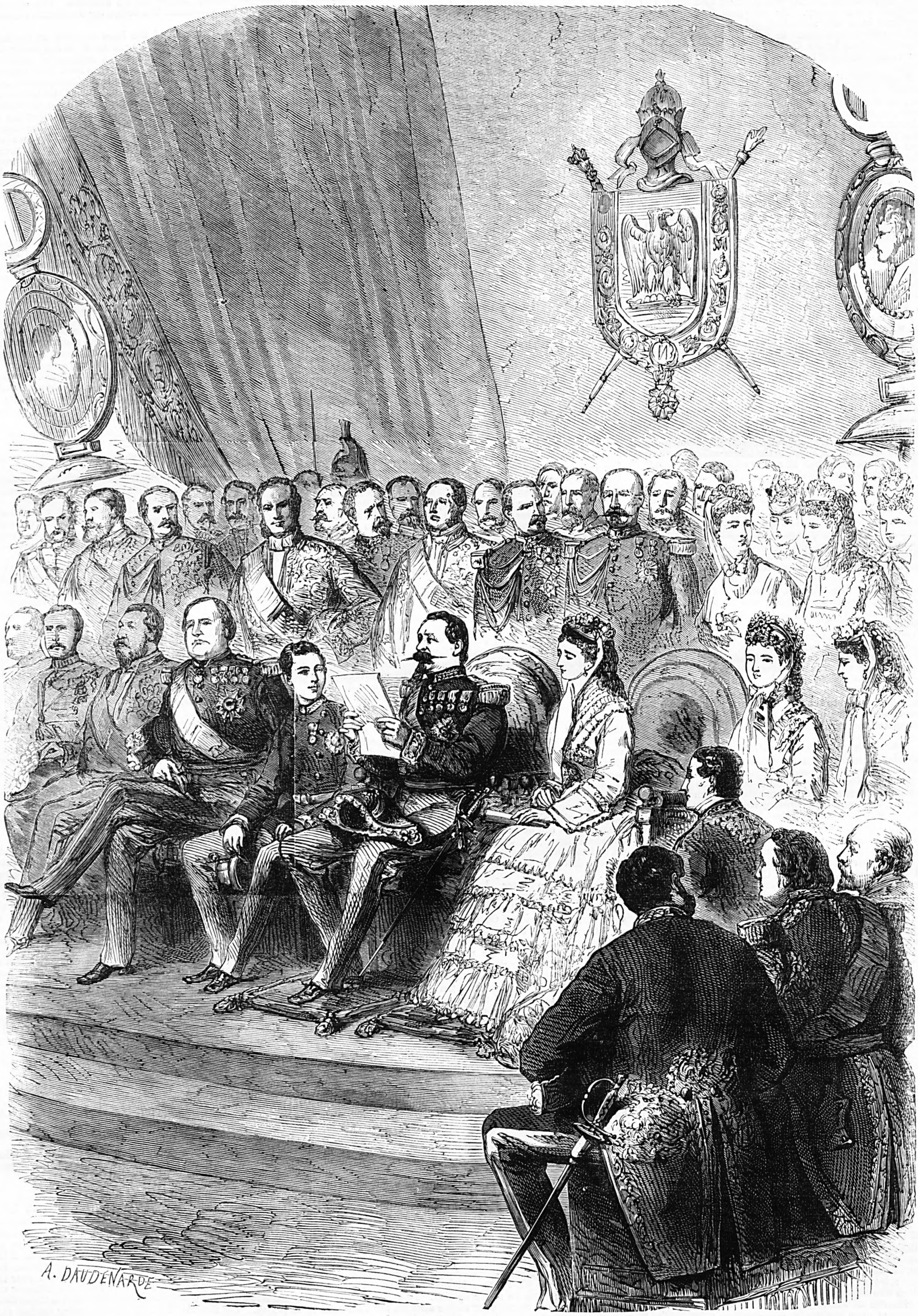
The *New York Herald* recognises the great deeds performed by the late Emperor for the welfare of mankind, such as the unification of Italy and of Germany. The restoration of the Empire is more certain by the death of the Emperor.

The *Tribune* says that this death closes the political history of the Bonapartes.

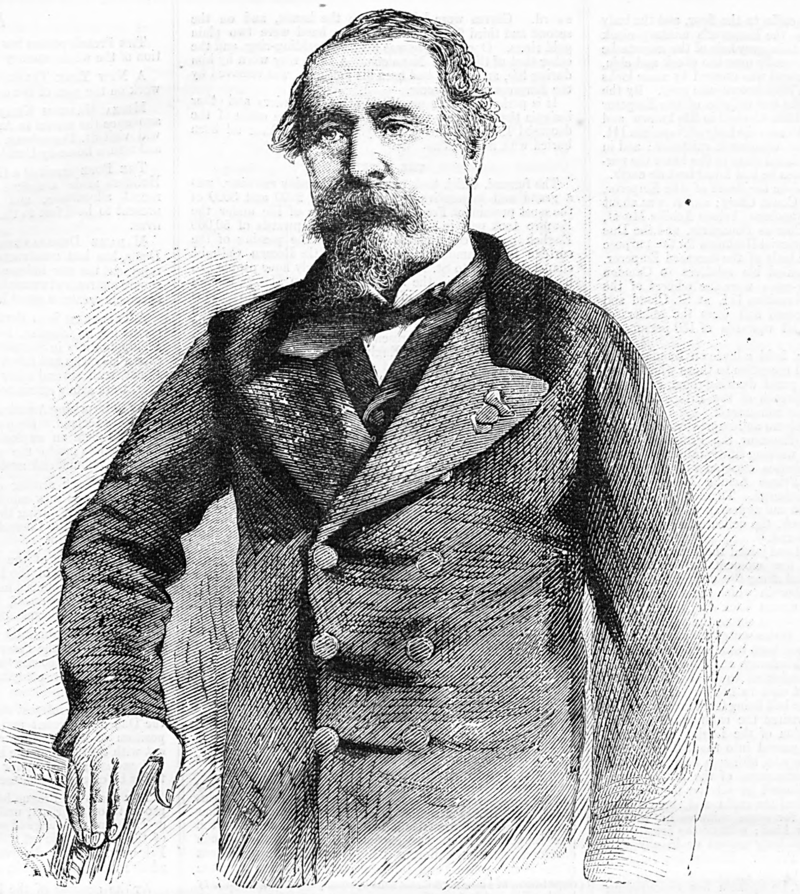
The *New York Times*, reviewing the contradictory opinions generally held in reference to his greatness and achievements, concludes by stating that he knew how to rule France.

THE LYING IN STATE.

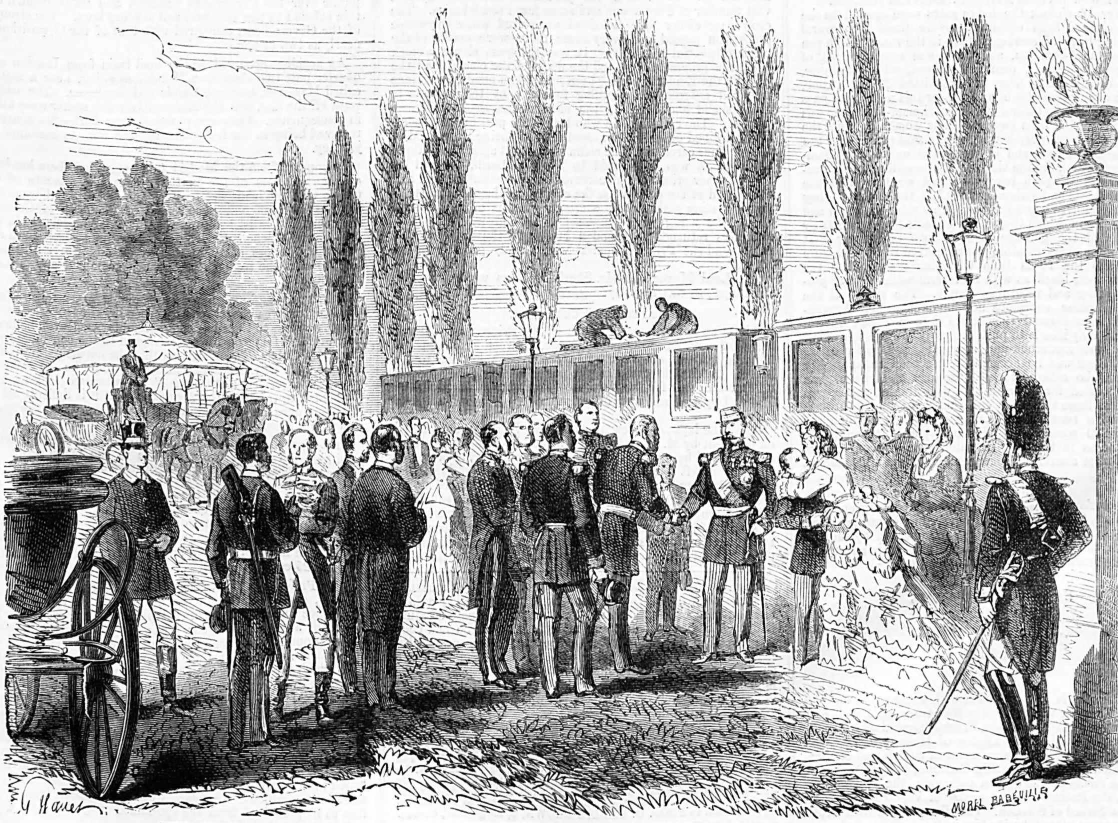
The lying in state of Napoleon III. was ushered in by a ceremony of no little significance. Early in the morning of Tuesday a *chapelle ardente* had been formed in the grand hall of Camden House by means of black velvet hangings escutcheoned with silver crowns and arms; and the whole of the Imperial suite, attired in evening dress, were at their posts. Six members of the household at once took up a position near the Emperor's coffin; the wax tapers were lighted, and beside the remains two Catholic priests stationed themselves in the attitude of prayer. The Emperor lay immediately under the hall skylight, the light from which was darkened by the tricoloured standard of the legions which once were his. A small mortuary chamber had been curtained off, and in the centre of this enclosed space, which was lighted by candles, the coffin rested on an inclined plane, so that the face might be easily seen. A velvet pall, bearing the Imperial crown and "N.,"



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND THE IMPERIAL FAMILY RECEIVING IN STATE THE OFFICIAL DECLARATION OF THE RESULT OF "THE PLEBISCITE."



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.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MOREL BABEUILLE

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. DEPARTING WITH THE PRINCE IMPERIAL FOR THE WAR WITH PRUSSIA.

drooped from the edges of the coffin to the floor, and the body was covered to the waist by the Emperor's military cloak thrown across the coffin. The thin, grey hair of the moustache and imperial was smoothed naturally over the cheek and chin, and the upper part of the forehead was crossed by some locks which have almost faded from light brown into grey. By the wish of the Prince Imperial the last toilette of the Emperor had been entrusted solely to those who had in life known and loved him. French hands had dressed the body of Napoleon III. for the last ceremonial of that chequered existence; and in dressing the corpse they had placed close to the heart the portraits of the wife and child whom he had loved best on earth.

The Prince Imperial has, since the death of the Emperor, been staying at the house of Count Clary; and it was about eleven o'clock when Prince Napoleon, Prince Achille Murat, Prince Louis Lucien, Prince Charles Bonaparte, and the Duc de Mouchy waited upon his Imperial Highness for the purpose of conducting him to view the body of the deceased Emperor. The Prince at once accompanied his relatives to Camden House. In the little drawing-room were the officers of the household who had served Napoleon III. at St. Cloud and the Tuileries; while in the grand hall were the officers of State under the Empire. In all upwards of 150 personages of rank were present.

The Prince Imperial having, held a levée on Sunday after noon, did not grant a personal reception to those who formed the Court, but, sitting in the great drawing-room, conversed with his relatives until the approach of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh was announced.

The meeting was of a very solemn and impressive character. Embracing the son of the late Emperor, the Prince of Wales tenderly saluted him, and then, walking slowly into the drawing room, remained for several minutes closeted with the Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon, Prince Achille Murat, Prince Charles, and the Duke of Edinburgh. There was a sad contrast between the robust health and appearance of the Prince of Wales and the pale-worn look, the delicate frame, and the slight stoop of the Prince Imperial.

Prince Christian also arrived and joined the Prince Imperial in the drawing-room, and a few moments afterwards the English Princes were conducted along the draped corridor to the front of the lighted chamber in which the Emperor lay. The curtains had now been drawn back for the day, the single cord which remained stretched across the entrance was removed, and the Prince of Wales entered, stood by the coffin a few moments, and passed back into the corridor. He was followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Christian, and then the Princes were conducted to the apartments of the Empress, and after a short visit to her Majesty they left Camden-place. By-and-bye, the hall being free from strangers, the Prince Imperial himself visited the catafalque. Attired in black, and wearing the cordon of the Legion of Honour, his Imperial Highness, as he passed into the hall, impressed all who looked upon him as one who, although deeply stricken with grief, had yet a full consciousness of the duties which now devolved upon him. Followed by all the members of the Court present, he approached the coffin, and, kneeling in front of the body, remained for some minutes in prayer. There was no ceremony of any kind; neither the priests nor those in attendance upon the body moved or in any way noticed the presence of the Prince. Finally his Imperial Highness rose and repaired to the Empress's apartments, where, embracing her Majesty, he spoke a few encouraging words. Almost immediately afterwards he returned to Count Clary's residence, remaining there throughout the rest of the day with a few of his most intimate friends and relatives.

Soon after 12 o'clock the lodge gates were opened to the crowd which had been collecting before them for several hours. Long lines of carriages stood in the roads which ran across Chislehurst-common, and there was soon a crowd of several thousand persons, men and women, all in mourning, waiting to be admitted. They were admitted 200 at a time, and it took about a quarter of an hour for this number to pass through. Many of the throng were Frenchmen, and there was weeping and sobbing from men as well as women opposite the chamber in which the grey-haired priests said prayers for the rest of Napoleon's soul, and in which the motionless chamberlains kept watch by the side of a figure still more motionless than they. English tears were not wanting, and the people looked pale and serious as they left the house. They recovered themselves when they came to a table with pen and ink, and books in which they were expected to write their signatures, and the genuine English love of leaving that eternal record in every possible place asserted itself. All wore mourning, and the roads from Chislehurst station to the lodge gates were black as with an interminable funeral procession of going and returning people. The crowd at the lodge gate became enormous and unmanageable. Frenchmen would have formed themselves into a *queue*, but an Englishman's only idea is to push doggedly towards his point. The police were numerous and energetic, and, so far as we have heard, there was no accident worse than bruises. For every person who entered the gate several must have gone away disappointed, for the crowd of well-dressed people was at one time so large that they could not have passed through the corridor in twenty-four hours. All the afternoon the batches of 200 were being admitted, passed through the corridor, and so to the opposite gate. The French colours floated half-mast above the house, and also from a flagstaff at the lodge.

THE COFFIN.

The Emperor's remains, after being embalmed, were enclosed in three coffins, the outer one being covered with purple velvet, mounted by silver nails, the lid being ornamented by the Imperial crown, the cipher "N," and a Latin cross in silver, and a silver plate bearing the following inscription :—

NAPOLEON III.,
Empereur des Français,
Né à Paris
le 20 Avril, 1808,
Mort à Camden Place,
Chislehurst,
le 9 Janvier, 1873.
R. I. P.

The inner coffin is of lead, lined with white satin, and the body of the Emperor was dressed in blue tunic, gold sash, and red trousers, the *petite tenue* of a French General of Division. The broad red riband of the Legion of Honour crossed the body, and on the left breast were a row of medals and crosses, amongst which were the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, the medal of the Italian campaign, the French military medal, the Italian military medal of valour in gold, the Order of the Sword of Sweden. The riband of our own Order of the Garter was placed beside him in the coffin, and also his sword. Gloves were laid between the hands, and on the second and third fingers of the upper hand were two plain gold rings. One of these was his own wedding-ring, and the other that of the First Napoleon. A third ring worn by him during life, and which had been his mother's, was removed by the Empress as a souvenir.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that the orders and other insignia that adorned the breast and lay in the coffin of the deceased Emperor during the lying in state, have all been buried with his remains.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral, which took place on Wednesday morning, was a grand and impressive sight. Between 2000 and 3000 of the most prominent Frenchmen in all walks of life under the Empire took part in the procession, and upwards of 50,000 English people congregated to witness the passing of the cortége from Camden House to the little Roman Catholic chapel dedicated to St. Mary. From an early hour people had begun to assemble in the vicinity of Camden House, though none but those who were in possession of special invitations were admitted into the grounds or near the dwelling. By ten o'clock the scene on the common was most animated. The vast majority of those present evidently belonged to the middle and better classes of English and French people. The "rough" element was almost entirely absent, with the exception of a few gipsy boys, whose deportment was not of the most decorous character. Nearly all the persons were dressed in mourning, and only some half a dozen uniforms were to be seen, worn by English soldiers from Woolwich garrison. In the village of Chislehurst the blinds of all the houses were drawn, and the bells of the parish church and the Roman Catholic chapel tolled at intervals.

Punctual to the appointed time—eleven o'clock—the procession left Camden House, and emerged on to the common. First there came some forty or fifty French working men in their blue blouses, and caps in hand. At their head walked a stalwart *ouvrier* carrying the tricolour. It was noticed that the flag was not attached to an ordinary upright flagstaff, but was placed at the top of the bent branch of a tree. After these working men there followed an abbé, bearing a golden cross in front of his breast, and then came a number of priests, one of whom read portions of the service for the dead. The hearse was next. It was drawn by eight horses, with plumes on their heads and immortelles on their backs At their sides walked mutes with immortelles on their arms. The coffin containing the body of the Emperor was not visible, as the sides of the hearse were covered with black velvet, with the Imperial arms in the centre. The top of the carriage bore a number of other immortelles. Immediately behind the hearse, and so close to it that many could scarcely notice his figure, walked the Prince Imperial. He was bareheaded, and his bright and clear blue eyes were steadfastly fixed on the hearse. Behind the Prince Imperial there was a line of Princes of the House of Bonaparte, conspicuous among those to be recognised being Prince Napoleon, and on either side of him Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Charles Bonaparte, Prince Charles Murat, and Prince Joachim Murat. Next came M. Rouher and a host of military friends and political adherents of the late Emperor. With two exceptions, none of the French officers appeared in uniform. Following the more prominent of the French officers and Imperial statesmen there came the deputation of Italian generals sent specially over to this country by the King of Italy. These wore their respective uniforms, and had upon their breasts numerous medals and other decorations. The rest of the procession was made up of a vast number of Frenchmen and some few French ladies. The crowd on either side remained uncovered while the whole procession passed, and everywhere there were marks of the most respectful sympathy. It was half-past eleven o'clock when the procession reached the doors of the chapel, and the body of the Emperor having been first taken inside, the Prince Imperial entered the building followed by the Bonaparte Princes and about 140 of the most distinguished of those present. The rest of those who had taken part in the procession remained outside the sacred edifice during the period of the religious ceremony. The coffin was placed upon a catafalque whilst mass was being said by Bishop Danell, assisted by several other priests. The ceremony lasted about an hour and a half, and at the conclusion the coffin was placed in its temporary resting place in the sacristy, wreaths of flowers and *immortelles* being placed upon and around it. The chief mourners returned to Camden House in the Imperial carriages, and the Prince Imperial was warmly greeted on his return.

The Lord Mayor and Mr. Sheriff Perkins were present in the chapel, as was Lord Sydney, representing Her Majesty.

AFTER THE CEREMONY.

About an hour after the return of the Prince Imperial and the chief mourners to Camden House, between two and three hundred persons congregated in the avenue leading to the house. By the direction of the police on duty they formed up on either side for the purpose of receiving a visit from the Prince Imperial and the other members of the Bonaparte family.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the Prince, accompanied on his right by M. Rouher, and on his left by Prince Napoleon, and followed by upwards of fifty gentlemen wearing orders of distinction, left the house and proceeded slowly down the avenue, bowing to the assembled people as he passed along. He afterwards returned to the house amidst the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The Prince intimated his desire to pay this mark of his appreciation of the honour that had been done to the memory of his father—a sentiment which, judging by the cordial greeting he received, was heartily reciprocated.

The Octopus.—After having been admired by thousands of visitors during the past holidays, this interesting animal has met with a sad and sudden fate. The unfortunate creature finding himself uncomfortable in a tank where he had been newly placed by the curator, came out, in an unguarded moment, of the house of living oysters he had collected as a shelter round him. In this tank were several large specimens of spotted dog-fish. One of these fish, with the true cuteness of a sea-dog, immediately pounced upon the unsuspecting octopus, and instantly swallowed him.

Epilepsy or Fits.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Sent free to any address on application to PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN, 2, King-street, Covent-Garden, London.

ABROAD.

The French census has just been declared, and the population of the whole country is fixed at 32,102,821.

A New York Telegram reports a general resumption of work on the part of the coal miners in Pennsylvania.

Mirza Malkom Khan has been sent to St. Petersburg to announce the arrival in April of the Persian Shah. The Shah will visit St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, London, and Paris, and return home by Constantinople.

The Pope received a German deputation on Sunday. His Holiness made a speech in a tone similar to that of all his recent allocutions, and concluded by recommending those present to hold fast to the faith, even at the peril of their lives.

Madame Desgranges, who lives in the Boulevard St. Denis, has had constructed a block of sham Napoleons to represent the war indemnity. The whole mass measures 150 square metres, and we are informed that this eminently patriotic spectacle creates a great impression on both mind and eye.

A Telegram from Berne states that an accident occurred on the ice, on Sunday, to Mr. Bonar, the English Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland. While he was attempting to save a lady who had fallen through, the ice gave way, and Mr. Bonar, with several other persons, was immersed. All, however, were safely extricated.

An enterprising American is doing great business among the whales in Iceland. He pursues them in a small steamer, and fires into them an explosive harpoon of his own invention, which bursts inside the animal and kills it outright. Thus time is saved and risk avoided.

The proposed arming of the Don Cossacks with breech-loading rifles is now commencing, and 24,400 new pieces are to be turned out during the current year, one half the expense being borne by the Cossack municipalities, and the other half by the Government.

In consequence of the publication in the *Evenement* of an insulting obituary of the late Emperor Napoleon III., M. De Villemessant denounced in the *Figaro* the conduct of the chief editor of the *Evenement*, M. Magnier. The latter has challenged M. De Villemessant to fight a duel.

The Russian Admiralty seems bent upon reassuring Europe on the score of the Peter the Great by sinking her outright, being about to incoease the calibre of her guns from forty to forty-five tons in compliment to the latest achievement at Woolwich.

Much of the interest attaching to the controversy between the Duc de Gramont and Count Beust, with regard to the position of Austria in the war of 1870, has necessarily died out with the death of the Emperor Nopoleon; but the dispute will probably continue for some time to come, and will certainly be of extreme interest for the historian.

The cooks of Prague have organized an exhibition of the products of their art, under the presidency of Prince Hugo de Taxis and patronage of several other noblemen. This display of the gastronomic art will take place on the 7th and 8th of February, and fully deserves the attention of the votaries who admire the triumph of the most useful skill over crude matter.

At the opening of the Brazilian Chambers on the 21st of December, the Imperial speech noticed the peaceful termination of the dispute which had arisen with the Argentine Republic over the Paraguayan business, and recommended certain reforms in the electoral and military laws. The strength of the Government, compared with that of the Opposition, is nearly as two to one.

An accident occurred to the mail train from London at a quarter past two o'clock on Monday morning, near a station called Marquise, between Calais and Boulogne. The engine went off the line, and the engine-driver and stoker were killed in consequence. Only one passenger was hurt—the injury he received being in the foot—but he was able to continue his journey.

It appears from the Madrid telegrams that there has been considerable loss of life in the recent engagements of the troops with the insurgent parties, and both Republicans and Carlists have suffered. The report of the death of Castello, the principal Carlist leader in Catalonia, is confirmed. In the province of Valencia the Carlists are said to have been dispersed with a loss of thirty-two killed and thirty prisoners. The losses of the troops, if they have sustained any, are not mentioned.

Courteous and amicable in tone and terms, we learn from Washington, was the answer returned by the Government of King Amadeus to the somewhat peremptory and even bellicose note of Mr. Hamilton Fish with regard to the continuance of slavery in Cuba. The assurance that the emancipation policy entered upon by the Spanish Ministers would be enforced is, however, described as "vague;" and when we look back to the menacing terms of the American note, it is difficult not to feel some uneasiness at the uncordial manner, to say the least, in which it seems to have been received at Washington.

The glass-blowers in the vicinity of Boston are making a profitable job out of the great fire in the manufacture of curious "relics." Their plan of operation is to blow bottles and other vessels into all sorts of shapes, resembling the result of intense heat, while the inside is ingeniously filled with all sorts of liquids, from cheap whiskey to castor oil. Corks are inserted showing every degree of burning, from a slight scorch to half consumption, while the contents have the appearance of having remained intact. These relics sell readily for from 25 cents upwards.

The Prefect of Police has issued an order warning a farmers, gardeners, &c., in the department of the Seine to commence the destruction of caterpillars, which promise to be unusually abundant this year. The law ordains that in cases where proprietors neglect this most esseatial duty it will be performed for them at their cost, without prejudice to the fines which they will incur. These are very judicious enactments and warnings, for it is computed that these insects levy a tax of 20 millions sterling upon the produce of France annually; and all agricultural and horticultural people are doubtless interested in their destruction, but they are more bent upon the destruction of the birds, which would be their most puissant allies—see the regiments of larks, sparrows, robins, linnets, tom-tits, of all kinds of birds, trussed and rolled in fat garb at the poulterers' shops. They are trapped and shot by millions. The insects would disappear, were their foes to be protected from the sportsmen in quaint garb who sally forth for their destruction.

The biggest—and, perhaps, the dullest—book which has ever been "constructed" is just now in process of building. It is the book which shall contain the names of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have now formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. The book will possess a certain historical, or at least genealogical interest. The list is said to comprise 380,000 names. The *Patrie* states that 125 compositors have been employed on the work during the last three months, that it is being printed on seven presses, and that it will form a volume of 13,163 pages.

In Nevada, California, if the *Echo Independent* is to be believed, there is a truly dangerous ghost. A man named Chase was sitting before his fire when the ghost came, and seating itself beside him said, "Those hands of yours belong to me, and I desire to burn them; you will please put them in the fire." Chase unwillingly obeyed the command of the strange visitor, who watched him closely till his fingers and a portion of his hands were consumed, and then bad him "Good evening," leaving the wretched man mutilated for life. Chase has since been shut up in a lunatic asylum, and has thus lost his liberty as well as his fingers.

African advices state that the Gold Coast authorities captured the notorious marauder and guerilla chief, Achaupong (brother to the King of Ashantee), who caused so much trouble to the Dutch while they were in possession of Elmina, and despatched him, under an escort of sixty men of the 2nd West Indian Regiment to Ashantee, under bond not again to appear in the British possessions; but on passing through the Fantee territory the natives took him by force from the guard, and he is at present held by them as a prisoner. He practised when at large great cruelties towards the Fantees, as he is reported to have murdered all whom he came across; and now that he is in the clutches of his former victims' relations and countrymen he may expect true African retribution.

One of the most singular cases in the annals of crime is reported from Annecy, in Savoy, none other than that of a prisoner recently liberated courting re-admission to his cell. This fellow, Bonvard by name, murdered an old man whom he found sleeping in an inn-stable at Bonneville, for the express purpose of getting back to gaol, and then delivered himself up to justice. The authorities, on examining the corpse, came to the conclusion that death had resulted from apoplexy. Bonvard, not to be balked, next broke the windows of the police station in open day. Whilst in custody on that charge a second examination of the murdered man was made, when it was ascertained that he had died, not from apoplexy, but a fractured skull. Bonvard has been gratified with a sentence of ten years' imprisonment with hard labour.

The strong places of Kœnigsberg, Thorn, Posen, Spandau, and Kustrin, all (except Spandau, which is close by Berlin) designed to protect the Prussian frontier on the side next Russia, are to be forthwith transformed into first-class fortresses like Metz and Strasburg. A sam of sixty-five million thalers is reported, on excellent authority, to be about to be allocated for the purpose. In connection with these significant symptoms it may be added that the probability of a war with Russia was a common topic of table-talk with the officers of the occupying garrison at Rheims recently, and that the fact of the immense proportion of Germans in the scientific branches of the Russian service was regarded with cheerfulness. Of course they are not expected to fight against their own countrymen.

One of the worst disasters caused by the cold weather in the United States has been the destruction of a large amount of steamboat and other property by the breaking of an ice gorge at Memphis. For some time vast quantities of ice have been floating down the Mississippi, and on Christmas-day the river gorged at a point four miles above Memphis, the ice piling up in a mass three miles long, a mile wide, and in some places 15 feet or 20 feet high. During the day a portion broke off and caught the steamer *Celeste*, crushing and sinking her, the passengers escaping in boats. A freshet in the Ohio raised the river, and on Christmas night the whole gorge broke, and came sweeping down the stream in a resistless mass towards Memphis. At the levee there were about 20 steamboats and 50 barges, and all of these it crushed, sank, or carried down the river. The crash came at midnight, and it was a miracle that no lives were lost, as many of the hands were asleep on the boats. Several persons were injured.

It appears to be still undecided in France what is to be the organization of the army which is to form the chief feature of this session's legislation, as the law on recruiting did that of the last. Whether the army corps in France itself are to be eleven or twelve or thirteen was not known recently outside the War Office. To raise it higher than eleven would involve the creation of new regiments. It is intended, however, to maintain separate corps of cavalry, three or five regiments each, besides allotting three regiments permanently to each army corps. The artillery, already raised to thirty regiments by a recent augmentation, will be slightly further enlarged so as to give three regiments to each corps. How far the engineers will be distributed is not decided; but a special railway battalion is being organized in imitation of that lately created, or at least augmented, from the old Abtheilung formation at Berlin. The money difficulty is not, however, by any means the only one existing against the realization of these vast projects. It will be very hard to mount the artillery and cavalry respectably, for it is calculated that France has lost no fewer than 200,000 horses by the war.

The Russian reconnoitering force, under the command of Colonel Morkosoff, which had instructions to get as near as it possibly could to the city of Khiva, and even, it is believed, if fortune favoured the enterprise, to enter and occupy the place itself, while making its way across the steppes which lie between the Russian frontier and the city of Khiva, was impeded and harassed by the troops of the Khan, who finally succeeded in capturing the Russian camels and baggage. The column, thus deprived of its essential means for carrying on the campaign, had no alternative but to retrace its steps; and the Khivans, elated by their success, made a descent in great force upon the country of the Khirgiz, which is within the Russian confines, and committed extensive and cruel depredations. It was considered so desirable that the shock to Russian prestige sustained in Colonel Morkosoff's repulse should be promptly countervailed, that a Council of Ministers was summoned by the Emperor Alexander, over which he presided in person, and despite the strongly urged opposition of Prince Gortschakoff, it was decided by a large majority that a new expedition to Khiva should be undertaken, with a force sufficiently powerful to take possession of the city of Khiva itself, and practically bring the whole Khanate under Russian rule.

AT THE THEATRES.

There are no novelties to record this week. The various holiday entertainments nightly increase in attraction, and at most of the theatres which have been in possession of pieces long established in public favour, the attendance remains so good that no immediate change is called for.

The first piece to be produced at the Elephant and Castle Theatre after the run of the pantomime will be a romantic drama of a novel character, in a prologue and four acts, by Messrs. George D'Arcy and C. H. Ross, introducing elaborate ballets and scenic effects.

The Holborn Theatre will close at the end of the week. Even members of the Stock Exchange must get tired of signing cheques. But if "legs" did not draw, how, in the name of the nineteenth century, could the "legitimate" be expected to do so?

In spite of the great and well-merited favour with which "Le Réveillon" has been received at the little Royalty, the managers have thought fit to alternate it with a new selection of light pieces—"Un Mari à la Porte," a light Offenbachian soap-bubble, with no special character; "Le Feu au Couvent," which was produced in London under the title of "Out for a Holiday;" and "L'Homme n'est Parfait," known to a British audience under the name of "Off the Line." The new bill of fare reduced the company to the provincial *café chantant* condition under which it made its *début*, all the pieces being threadbare, and none of them particularly well played. It is strange that the management fails to perceive that such delicate fragments of thistledown require acting of the highest order.

Even those who care little for discovering the reason for the fact, will still surely allow that there is a vast difference between the "Cromwell" as now played and the "Cromwell" originally presented to the public. From the first it was allowed that Colonel A. B. Richards had presented the stage with a work of far more than average literary merit—that the poem, as it was printed, teemed with poetic fervour and fancy, and further, that it contained several scenes and situations strong and vigorous. But the cleverest author and the most profound poet may make mistakes when stage work is attempted. Practice alone seems to make perfect as regards the mechanical difficulties of an author's position; and it is only now, after many years' trial, that an author like Mr. W. S. Gilbert, for instance, is conquering the feeling of having his hands tied when he attempted to construct. It was no disparagement to the cleverness of Colonel Richards when he was told that his play was rather a poem than a stage work, and, as then performed, was far more satisfactory in the study than on the stage. The high tone of the work as a whole, and the rare merit of the diction were freely acknowledged; but when the play was first produced, the prophecy of one of our most eminent actors was fulfilled, who declared that the play called "Cromwell," delightful as it was to read, was undramatic. As is so often the case, the work which should have been done before the play was produced—the work of cutting, the work of curtailing, the work of altering, the labour of dovetailing and re-arranging—has been done after the public has been admitted, and the various criticisms have appeared. There is some value, after all, in criticism if so satisfactory result is produced as the revised and corrected version of "Cromwell." The ugly excrescences have been cut off, the play has been considerably shortened, and the death scene of Cromwell's daughter, which so much tired the patience of the audience on the first representation, is now exactly the right length, and altogether a different thing. It is, no doubt, a cruel ordeal for an author who is a poet to undergo when he is called upon to sacrifice what he considers his best lines, and to alter the very scenes on which he most prided himself; but Colonel Richards has been well advised to consider his play rather than his poem, and to believe that, though most desirable is it to be poetical, still to be dramatic is the primary consideration.

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DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

M. Gounod has finished an opera for Covent Garden.

Mr. Mapleson has engaged M. Castelmary, the basso, for his next opera season.

Mr. J. T. Robinson is the architect of the new theatre to be built at Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

The "Africana" has been reproduced at Rome, in the Apollo, with considerable success.

A three-act play, by Mr Albery, founded on a romantic legend, is in preparation at the Globe Theatre. It is partly in verse.

"Romeo and Juliet" is again being set to music by an Italian composer. This is the fourteenth musical version of the play in a hundred years.

Mrs. John Wood, who is now at the Grand Opera House, New York, will remain there till June, and will then take a tour through California, returning to London in the autumn.

During the Governor-General of India's recent official tour, a military band of 300 native musicians performed Kéla's Béla's march, "The Alpine Hunter."

New Orleans has recently been regaling itself with a play called "The Wild Cat; or, Marriage by Moonlight." The crowning glory of this piece is the rescue of the hero from the descending hammer of a pile-driver, only a second before it falls.

At the Théâtre Francais Victor Hugo's historical play, "Marian Delorme," is announced for revival at the end of the month, and the famous author superintends the daily rehearsals in person. Mdlle. Favart is cast for the part of the heroine, whose name forms the title of the work, and she is assisted by the entire strength of this splendid company, there being no less than nineteen responsible male characters.

The "Coupe du Roi de Thule," so long looked forward to by the musical world, has at last been produced at the Paris Opera. It is a pendant to Mermet's previous productions, "Hamlet," "Roland," "Pierre de Medicis," &c.—weak, vapid melodies, rinsed in cold water till all colour is washed out of them. The whole of the second act is played under water—a Torquil and Neuha scene, in which the unsuspecting Octopus is not eaten by the voracious dog-fish, as the subaqueous caves are not tenanted by the horrid monsters which grinned and mouthed and eventually devoured Schiller's Diver when he plunged after the golden goblet. It is peopled by myriads of ballet girls. Were we sure of meeting such sirens and mermaids in the realms of Neptune, diving would become a very general diversion, despite the extremely unbecoming costume and the goggle-eyed helmet which it entails.

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RECENT FRENCH PLAYS.

Dramatic heroines in France are now divided into those who have sinned before and those who sin after their marriage. Hélène, in M. Pailleron's drama of that name, just produced at the Théâtre Français, belongs to the former category. An orphan, she has been brought up under the maternal care of Madame de Rives, whose watchfulness has not prevented her son René from turning to bad account his frequent opportunities of seeing the young girl alone. She gets married all the same to a doctor who is known throughout the piece simply as "Jean." After the marriage René, who meanwhile has been performing the duties of consul at some distant post, reappears and seeks an interview with the reluctant Hélène. They are surprised by Jean, at whose approach René leaps out of window, falls, receives some injuries, and is brought back to the doctor's house to have his wounds dressed.

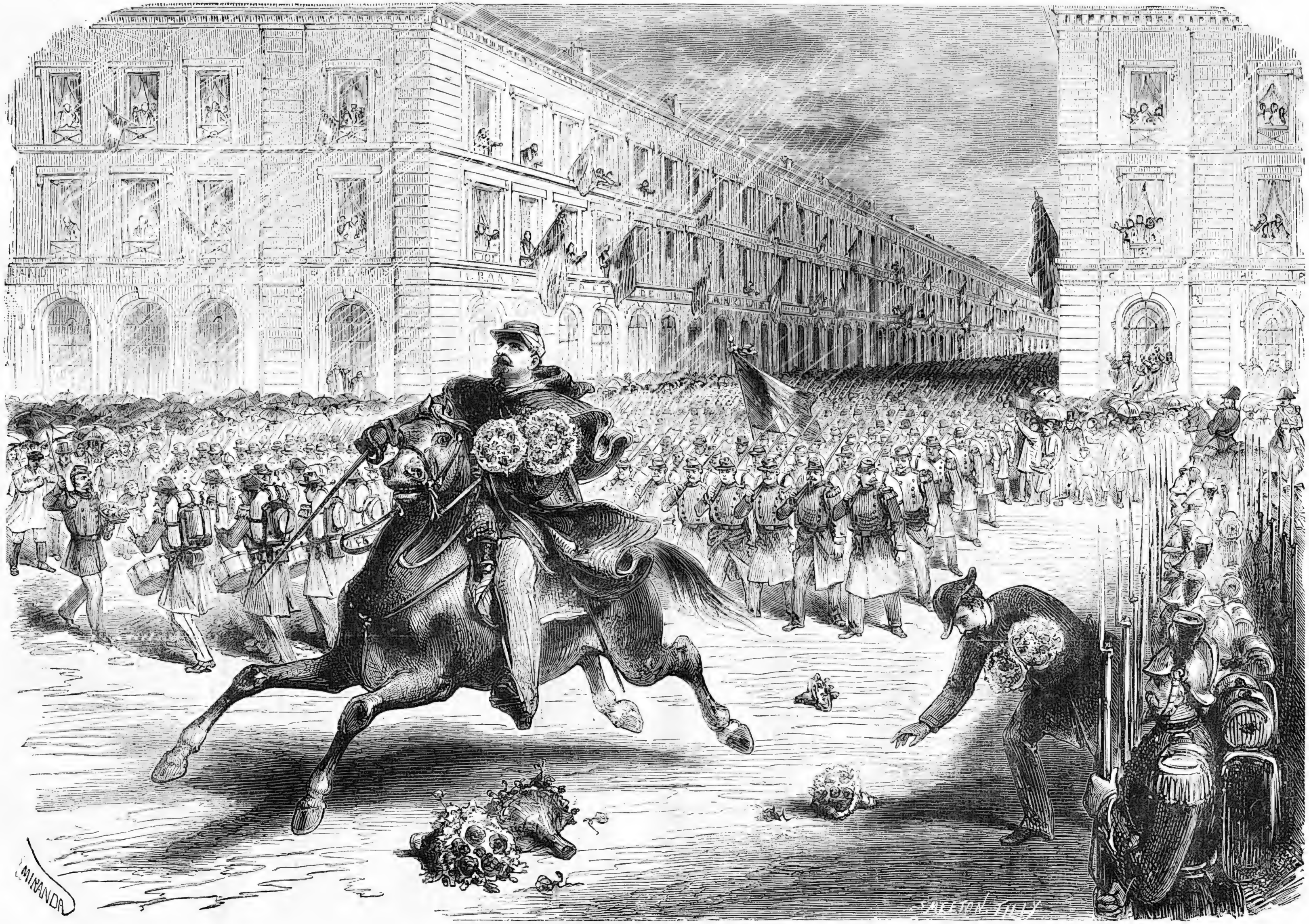
In the second act appears Count Paul, a highly sensitive gentleman, who is engaged to Jean's sister, but would much rather break his word than marry into a family in which there could be the least thing to say against any one of its members. Jean, having cured René, is now anxious to meet him in mortal combat; though to do so would of course be to bring scandal on the family. He challenges the consul, however, but immediately afterwards relents, for the consul had a brother, a naval officer, who has just died at sea, and Madame de Rives is in such distress at the loss of one of her sons that Jean, remembering that she was Hélène's well-meaning if inefficient guardian, cannot make up his mind to kill the other. "Go!" he says to René, "I cannot kill you now;" and René disappears. Jean now loads his wife with reproaches, which, as regards her post-nuptial conduct, are really undeserved. For the sake of his sister Blanche and her scrupulous betrothed, he maintains a friendly and even affectionate attitude towards her, until Count Paul, satisfied with the unexceptionable demeanour of the whole family, gives Blanche his hand. But it is now too late for the final vengeance Jean might otherwise have taken on his wife. His secret upbraidings, combined with public affability, have almost driven her mad. She wishes, not unnaturally, to put an end to her life. But Jean still loves her, and at last, moved by her despair, grants her entire forgiveness. The drama is written in the homely verse cultivated by M. Pailleron, which, to an English reader, seems rhymed prose.

"Les Sonnettes" (MM. Meilhac and Halévy) may be described as a companion piece to "Madame attend Monsieur," by the same authors. A female servant is jealous, by no means without cause, of a man-servant, her husband. That is the subject of the little comedy or farce. What is more important is the fact that the principal parts are played by Madame Chaumont, who impersonates the *femme de chambre*, and M. Dupuis (the original Paris in "La Belle Hélène," and Fritz in "La Grande Duchesse"), who represents the valet. With such an actor and actress, specially written for by such authors, the result could not be otherwise than successful.

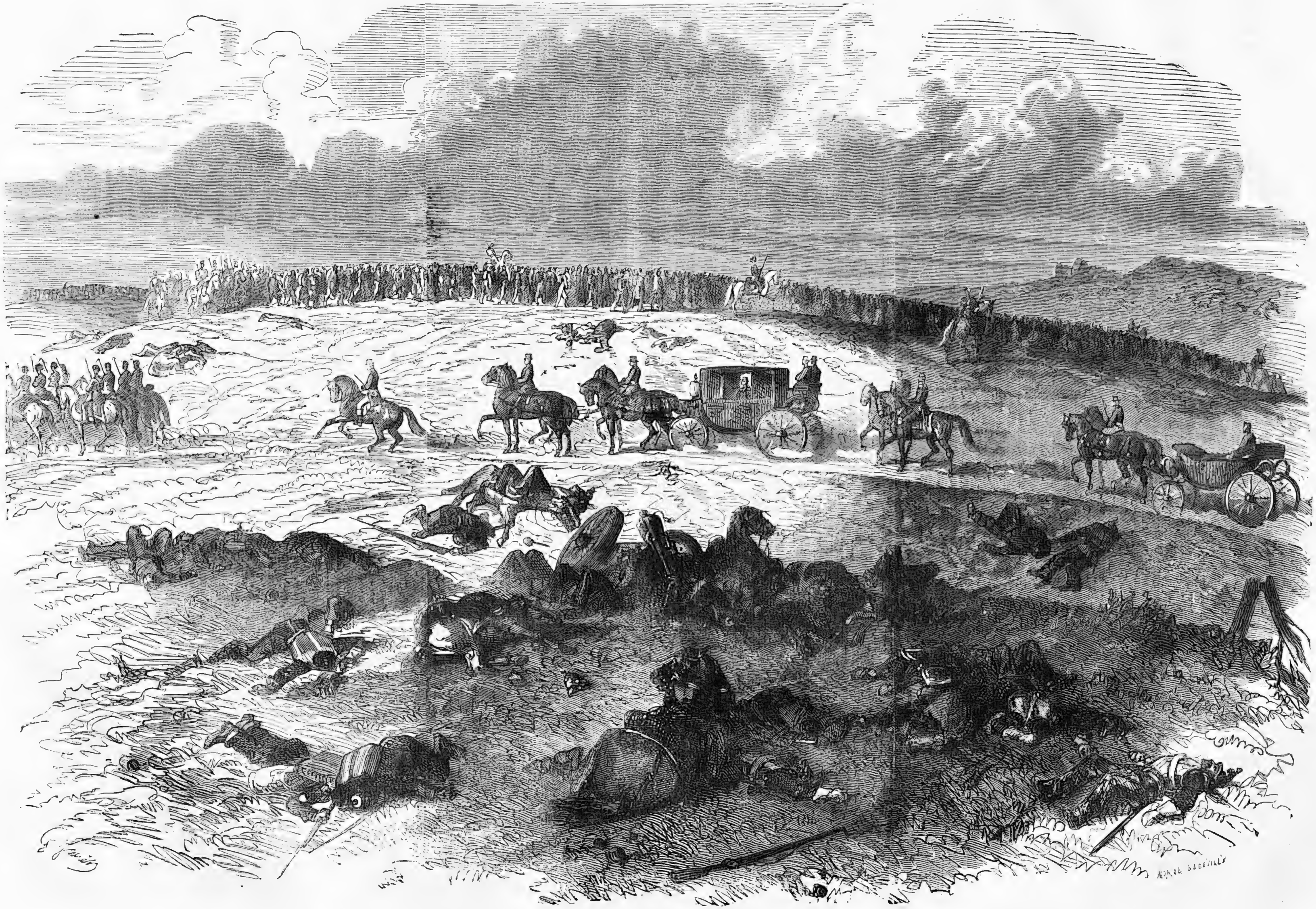
M. Emile de Girardin's moral or immoral play, on the great question of the punishment of unfaithful wives, having been found unfitted for the stage, has been published in a book-form. "Les Trois Amants" is the title of the piece, which is written in two acts for five principal characters—the "three lovers" themselves and two ladies, between whom their love is unequally distributed. The first lover is rich and cynical, and purchases what he calls "love" from one Cora—a name which, on the French stage seems always associated with brilliancy and heartlessness. The second lover also loves Cora, unbeknown to the first; while the third loves the wife of the second, unbeknown to the second, but platonically, so that there can be no valid excuse for killing him in the last act. The natural consequence of all this misplaced affection is trouble and confusion. The first lover, finding that he has been deceived by the second, proposes to fight him, while the second, finding that he has been deceived by the third, sees the necessity of fighting both third and first. The second lover is in a terrible position, for besides meeting the man who has betrayed him, and meeting the man he has betrayed, he is called upon to give "three years' indemnity" to Cora, as compensation for having allowed her infidelity to be discovered. He hands over the fixed price, 600,000 francs, without a murmur, as though he were paying a gambling debt, when the first lover arranges that his duel with the second lover shall not come off, on the understanding that the projected duel shall also not come off between the second lover and the third. This drama or proposition, with symbols in lieu of characters, has less the look of an argument against wife-murder, which it is said to be, than against duelling. The wife in M. de Girardin's play has been guilty only of sentimental flirtation, for which even the most virtuous of French dramatists, even M. Alexandre Dumas fils himself, would scarcely award the punishment of death. On the other hand, we find two duels about to be fought from wounded vanity (the true motive of nine duels out of ten), and prevented by a little timely explanation and reflection. M. de Girardin's piece was, it seems, written seven years ago. Probably it was not until after the success of the younger Dumas's "Homme-Femme" that it occurred to M. de Girardin to regard "Les Trois Amants" as bearing on the important social and dramatic question of the day.

Meanwhile the great avenger of matrimonial wrongs, M. Dumas fils himself, is superintending the rehearsals of "La Femme de Claude," in which it is understood that the *dénouement* will be the one indicated as alone possible, under certain painful circumstances, in the pamphlet just named. Indeed, it is not by any means certain that "L'Homme-Femme" was not written for the very purpose of preparing the public for a murderous ending, which, presented suddenly as a surprise, might have been found revolting.

An almost incredible rumour is once more being circulated in Parisian dramatic circles on the subject of stage costume. It is said that the principal actresses, finding that their salaries now go entirely in the purchase of dresses, are determined to return to the old system under which make-believes, instead of real silks, satins, and velvets, were worn. It used to be held that by gaslight imitation, especially in the matter of ornaments, was as good on the stage, if not better than reality. Sham jewels are not without sparkle, and they can be obtained, at small cost, of prodigious size. If, however, the great comedy-actresses of Paris renounce their present style of attire for one of extreme simplicity, they will of course wear as little jewellery as possible. It will be a severe trial!


MIRANDA
SMEETON TILLY

OVATION TO FRENCH TROOPS ON LEAVING PARIS FOR THE WAR.



NAPOLEON III. PASSING OVER THE BATTLE FIELD OF SEDAN.—A DEFEATED GENERAL AND A RUINED EMPEROR.

THE POPE AND THE PIANIST.

If the Pope, according to popular tradition, "leads a happy life," his cardinals, according to the *Gazetta d'Italia*, seem to live a merry one. His Holiness is said to be indignant with the Abbé and pianist Liszt for having been present at the Protestant marriage of his daughter to Herr Wagner. "That Liszt is really and truly thoroughly bad," he is reported to have complained. "Do you remember my having the piano sent to Castel Gandolfo, and, to amuse me, Liszt's playing on it a polka which was so gracefully danced by Borromeo and Pacca, the latter representing the lady?" It is explained that the dance was the *polka tremblante*, the finale of which Liszt played so furiously, while the two prelates twisted and turned with such tremendous rapidity that it was at last almost impossible to distinguish one from the other. The scene must have been like that in "The Magic Flute," where everybody is compelled to dance as long as the performer pleases. But the story of Orpheus is as old as the hills which he moved wth his lute; and if Liszt is really the successor of Orpheus, scholars like Cardinals Borromeo and Pacca need not be ashamed of being in such good classical company. Only it is now quite easy to understand why the Italians resist the music of the son-in-law of such a father-in-law. They may well fear lest the "music of the future" should turn lay heads if a few bars of it play such havoc with ecclesiastical heels.

AN ECCENTRIC CHEMIST.

It would seem that there is a chemist residing in the neighbourhood of the Westminster Police Court whose mode of dispensing his drugs is not such as to inspire confidence in the minds of his customers. A "gentlemanly young man" applied the other day to Mr. Arnold for advice under the following circumstances: He stated that he went that morning into a chemist's shop in the neighbourhood of the court, and after waiting for twenty minutes to be served "was surprised to find the keeper of the shop crawl up from off the floor fearfully drunk" and ask him what he required. The "gentlemanly young man," however, wisely declined to make any purchase; and he now wished to know whether the chemist could not be punished for carrying on his business while in such a condition. The applicant remarked further, that while he was in the shop a woman came in with a child, and complained that the chemist had given her a powder for her baby which had greatly injured it. The neighbours said he was "eccentric," and the police reported that frequent complaints were made of wrong drugs being served by the chemist. Mr. Arnold pointed out to the applicant that he could not prevent a man from getting drunk in his own house, but that if he sold drugs to persons which injured them, then he could be made amenable to the law. On this footing—not very satisfactory to the inhabitants of the district—the matter now remains. No decisive step can be taken until somebody has been supplied with arsenic in mistake for Epsom salts.

THE LARGEST BEEHIVE IN THE WORLD.

In Los Angelos county, on the eastern slope of the San Francisco range of mountains, there is the most wonderful collection of wild honey in existence. The hive is located in a rift which penetrates the rock to the depth of probably 160 feet. The orifice is thirty feet long and seventeen feet wide; four passages. This rift was discovered to be the abiding place of a swarm of bees that is represented as coming out in a nearly solid column one foot in diameter. Certain parties have endeavoured to descend to the immense store of honey collected by these bees, but were invariably driven back; and one man lost his life in the effort. Others have, at the expense of much labour and money, built a scaffold 125 feet high in the hope of reaching a place whence they could run a drift into the rock and extract its well-hoarded sweets, but finally ceased their work. Within four years the bees have added not less than fifteen feet of depth to their treasure, as ascertained by actual measurement; and it is thought that at the present time there cannot be less than eight or ten tons of honey in the rock. A man named B. Brophy lives in a cabin not far from the spot, and obtained from the melting of the honey by the sun's heat enough for his family requirements. All through that region immense stores of wild honey are found in trees, in the rocks, nearly every place where its industrious manufacturers think—for bees seem to think—it will be secure. They consume a very small proportion, as the climate enables them to keep up operations nearly every day in the year, and flowers of some sort are always in bloom. It must be a very severe season indeed when the little fellows are not seen abroad in vast numbers engaged in their mellifluous work.

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Seven shopkeepers of Liverpool were a few days since summoned before the police-court for selling adulterated butter at 7d. per pound, and described as Norwegian. Dr. Brown, the public analyst, stated that the butters contained stearine and palmatine, and therefore that they were largely adulterated with fats containing these substances, the most common of these fats being lard, tallow, dripping, and palm oil. Dr. Brown was distinctly of opinion that these butters never passed through the udder of a cow. The presiding magistrate, Mr. Raffles, said he did not think he should be called upon to discuss the scientific view of the case. He decided that it was necessary to prove that the person who sold the butter had a knowledge that it was adulterated, and with the fraudulent intention of increasing its weight and bulk; finally he dismissed the case first heard, the other six summonses being withdrawn. Thus, according to Mr. Raffles, in all cases three things have to be done to ensure conviction—First, to prove that the article is adulterated; second, that the vendor knew it to be so; and, third, that it is so with fraudulent intent. Here is encouragement with a vengeance, alike for the baffled analyst and the cheating public. If this ruling be correct, then this Act, from which so much good was anticipated, is already rendered of but little value, for in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it will be impossible to prove guilty knowledge. Add to the foregoing particulars the further circumstance that samples must not even be purchased by the Inspector of Nuisances, unless he has, not a general, but a specific and particular ground of suspicion that they are adulterated; that is to say, he is not to be at liberty to buy articles where he likes; in fact, to search for adulteration, which must be brought, as it were, under his very nose before he can take action. Truly this Act, even supposing Mr. Raffles' ruling is correct, affords another illustration of ineffective legislation. It will assuredly end in miserable failure, the only persons who will have cause to rejoice being the adulterators themselves.

THE STATE OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Though Mr. Richardson is no doubt a very praiseworthy member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, we cannot altogether agree with the doctrine he promulgated at its last meeting. His idea was that to foster abuses is the best way to promote reforms, and accordingly he argued that the greater the nuisance Leicester-square was allowed to become, the sooner would its regeneration be commenced. This suerly would be a very clumsy way of doing business, even for the Metropolitan Boards of Works; and we need hardly point out to Mr. Richardson and his worthy colleagues that such a course of action would very soon result in our nuisances becoming quite unmanageable. This very Leicester-square nuisance is a case in point. We have left that alone long enough, goodness knows, and yet never did its reformation seem further off. The Solicitor of the Metropolitan Board has once more assured its members that nothing can be done in the matter at present. Not at present, forsooth! Then when, in the name of æstheticism and Ayrton, will he tell us something can be done? It is hard to see how that fated enclosure can become a more crying nuisance than it is. Need we repeat its chequered history? What Londoner has not watched its gradual prostitution and decay, since the day when Mr. Wylde's Great Globe appropriately typified its cosmopolitan nature, and the Panopticon vainly tried to checkmate the "judge-and-jury" element of the square with scientific panoramas and magic lanterns of a serious turn of slide? Slow but sure as been its downward path, until it is now literally a waste and howling wilderness, a stalking place for curs and Arabs, a necropolis for cats and old boots, and a subject for the hootings and "Ha-ha's" of the passers-by. Had London been a Tadmor in the desert or a buried city of Assyria, Leicester-square could not be worse than it is; indeed, it would be much better, for then an antiquarian interest would attach to the bronze fragments buried within what was once its enclosure, and we should hear of some enterprising *Daily Telegraph* of other climes sending out an expedition to decipher the inscriptions on the pedestal that still outlives the general wreck.

But, unfortunately, it is impossible to clothe Leicester-square with any interest at all, either antiquarian or sentimental, or scientific. During the few past months it has reached the climax of its degradation. The railings, breached before by many an adventitious gap, are gone utterly now to a rail; there is not so much as a single blade of grass left in what was once the enclosure; and all of the statue that remains is safe, for it stands in the midst of a muddy morass, across which the hardiest *gamin* prompted, moreover, by the knowledge that old bronze has its price per pound at a venal marine store-dealer's, dares not attempt to go. This being so—the desperate state of the square was patent to everyone—we are rather surprised that the inhabitants are resenting the erection of a hoarding in the place of the now derelict railings. Surely this hoarding, which is twelve feet high, and consequently shuts out the sight of the dreary waste behind it, is not a thing to petition against. Can it be that the strangely-assorted householders of this unique square feel "hipped" at losing the view of their muddy marsh, with the familiar one-and-a-half-legged horse in the middle? So it would seem, for they are actually petitioning the Board of Works against the erection of the advertising station that by this time begirts their square. Such conduct is inexplicable. Better by far, we should have thought, the motley display of a modern hoarding, with its many-coloured puffs of pills and pickles and penny papers, to a monotonous mudscape tenanted principally by dead dogs. Let us give the inhabitants of Leicester-square a little bit of advice. Let them get the placarded boards removed by all means, but not until by some means or another—and there is a way they may depend upon it—they are ready to rescue the now happily-hidden enclosure from its present state of ruin, and to prevent it being any longer an eyesore and disgrace to the metropolis. We really could tolerate a Haussman for a few weeks if it were only to get rid of the scandal of Leicester-square.—*Morning Advertiser.*

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A Gun-shy Dog.—Whether in England, France, Germany, or what other country I do not remember, but I have somewhere seen a caricature representing a stout, elderly party, out shooting with a dog tied by a string to one of the buttons of his breeches. A hare gets up, dog dashes at it and gets loose, tearing away and dragging after him the whole front part of the old gentleman's nether garment, whose gun goes off at the same time in the air. I, this year, at a shooting party at one of the German watering places, witnessed a scene which would make a very good pendant to the above. Among the party was a gentleman, of what nationality I know not, but of an Asiatic type, whose get-up deserves a word of description. His shooting-jacket and waistcoat were of a very light grey, with extremely broad grass-green facings and *Passepoil*. His knickerbockers were of mazarine blue velvet, and he had green and white hooped stockings, while patent leather laced boots covered his legs and feet, a bright cerise scarf, and Tyrolese hat, adorned with the feathers of countless birds, completed this extraordinary shooting costume. He carried an enormous *sac de chasse*, which contained cartridges and provisions for a good week's consumption, and in fact he looked all over like a person who was dead sure to shoot somebody before the day was over, and I inwardly determined to give him a good wide berth. Our new acquaintance was very talkative, and extolled the extraordinary merits of his gun, inlaid in all parts with silver, and also of a powerful, good-looking dog, which was fastened by a strap to his bag. As we were walking along a path to our boat a crow flew over his head, and he blazed away at it. The dog gave a howl, and bolted as fast as he could lay legs to ground, bringing his owner down on his nose, dragging him a yard or two, and then actually pulling the *sac de chasse* clean over his head. The last thing we saw of the animal was entering a copse about a quarter of a mile off, the game-bag still bounding after him. There was no mistaking the line he had taken, as it was strewed with cartridges, and eatables and drinkables of all kinds, which followed one another in turn out of the recesses of the bag. The gentleman had had enough for one day, and went off home, to our great delight. It is useless to add that the dog was in the highest degree gun-shy, and, we found out afterwards, had been purchased, together with the gun, from an Israelite at Frankfort, for the purpose of astonishing the sportsmen of the watering place. I "guess" that he rather astonished himself instead.

Le Crapaud Gambetta (the "Gambetta Toad") is the most successful Parisian toy of the new year. It is a little hardboard reptile, which croaks in imitation of M. Gambetta's coarse voice after he has spoken for two hours.

Weather Rhymes.—The following is by an Irish "clerk of the weather":—

"Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without a blessed gleam of sun.
And if any of them had two-and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty."

It is so often the case that "free admission" to a meeting means "a collection at the conclusion," that the papers are now adding to some of their announcements, "entrance and *exit* free."

A distinguished officer complained to his senior officer that he had heard that he had reported him to the Commander-in-Chief for being seldom at his post. "Yes," replied the general, "I did not report you for being seldom at your post, but for never being there." Conclusive.

Edward Handcock, butcher, was executed at Warwick on Tuesday morning for wife-murder. The execution was more than usually revolting. The culprit's weight was not sufficient to dislocate the vertebræ of the neck, and death ensued from strangulation. He struggled violently several times, and was nearly four minutes dying. He had exhibited great emotion while the preliminaries were being arranged, but joined audibly in the chaplain's prayers. He left no written confession, but admitted the justice of his sentence.

At a chapel in Penrose-street, Walworth, a supper was on Friday given to the male thieves of the district, and was attended by about a hundred guests, all of whom had been convicted of at least one felony. As a rule they were thinly clad and hungry-looking, and seemed to enjoy their supper immensely. The addresses were very suitable to the character of the audience. Ned Wright, the converted thief and pugilist, who promoted this meeting, has now three places of worship, in connection with his mission.

Tennyson's autograph is neat and small; Prescott's and Cooper's most minute; Henri Taine, Sainte-Beuve, and George Eliot all make very pretty, little, legible MS. De Tocqueville's chirography is screwy and crooked; George Sand's is masculine; Emerson's, fine and long; D. G. Rosetti's is large and careless; Jean Ingelow's, thoroughly ladylike; Victor Hugo's, scrappy and hurried, almost like shorthand; Carlyle's, a mere scratch; Ruskin's, little and crabbed; Webster's, ugly, and not neat; Rufus Choate's, utterly "unreadable."

Proverbs Concerning Noses.—We have no fewer than fourteen English proverbs relating to this important feature of the human face divine. They are as follows:—1. Follow your nose. 2. He cannot see beyond his nose. 3. An inch is a good deal on a man's nose. 4. He would bite his own nose off to spite his face. 5. He has a nose of noses. 6. As plain as the nose on your face. 7. To hold one's nose to the grindstone. 8. To lead one by the nose. 9. To put one's nose out of joint. 10. To pay through the nose. 11. To have a good nose for a poor man's sow. 12. To thrust one's nose into other people's business. 13. A nose that can smell a rat. 14. Every man's nose will not make a shoeing-horn.

No longer will the hall in Little College-street, Chelsea, be enlivened by the meetings of the people known to the public as "Shakers," but to themselves as "Bible Christians!" They have departed! So little aware of the intended migration was the inquisitive public that the Sunday after the event saw crowds again at the entrance to the hall; and every now and then a cab would appear with people whose disappointment at having had a journey for nothing was most amusing to others, if not to themselves. The residents in the neighbourhood have had enough to do to answer inquiries as to where the Shakers have gone; and for a time, perhaps, their absence will be almost as much trouble to them as their presence was. A wild rumour has prevailed that these peculiar people have had an estate presented to them by a rich old lady; but it is questionable whether there is any truth in it.

The excess of rain now assumes a serious aspect in various parts of Kent, and many of the farms on the lowlands are under water, and in Brasted and Knockholt districts all farming operations are suspended, and at Eynsford the river, which runs through and works several water mills in the county, is overflowed, and the surplus water is up to the doors of the village cottages, and the continuous rain running off the surrounding hills increases the deluge; and in Surrey the excess of rain has caused mischief. Around Weybridge the grass lands are under water, and the grazing stock are driven out of pasture; at Claremont the ornamental water which flows round the royal demesne is increased to a large sheet of water, and covers many acres of grass land, and in other parts of the county the turnip grounds are too wet for folding sheep over. Many farmers have irretrievably lost the wheat-sowing season, and now begin to despair of a favourable time for sowing oats, barley, and spring seeds, and the farm labourers in some parts have to walk ankle-deep in water to get to their cottages, and the inundations, which threaten serious consequences, are daily increasing in extent.

The will of Horace Greeley was offered for probate on the 10th ult., at the Surrogate Court, Westchester county, by the Misses Ida and Gabrielle Greeley, and other friends, accompanied by their counsel. The will is dated November 9, 1872, and is in Mr. Greeley's own handwriting, and bequeathes his entire property to his daughters. The will is contested by Samuel Sinclair, Richard H. Manning, and Charles Storrs, who produced a will dated January 9, 1871, where these gentlemen are named as executors, and by which the deceased makes a different disposition of his property. A protracted legal contest is probable. The last will of Mr. Greeley is as follows:—"I, Horace Greeley, of the town of Newcastle, Westchester county, State of New York, aged 61 years, being in fair health and in the possession of my mental faculties, revoking all former wills, do make this my last will and testament: Item 1. I give and bequeath all the property of which I may die possessed, including lands, mortgages, bonds, notes of hand, debts, stocks, dues, and obligations, to my elder daughter, Ida L. Greeley, and half to be by her used at her own discretion in the education and support of her sister Gabrielle, the other moiety to be her own in every right. Item 2. I give and bequeath my gold watch usually worn by me to my second daughter, Gabrielle Miriam Greeley aforesaid.—Horace Greeley." This will was dated November 9, written by Mr. Greeley himself, but was not executed until about two hours before his death, when it was only acknowledged and attested, this being the first lucid interval after the will was known to his friends.

IN COURT.

A Novel and amusing case came before the magistrates for the Newbury division of Berkshire. A journeyman milkman sued his master for £2 damages, sustained by a wrongful dismissal. Mr. King, the solicitor retained for the man, said the only reason that could be assigned for the discharge of his client was, that he was not quite aware of the custom of the trade, and in his ignorance he gave full measure to his master's customers. He was so engaged on the 7th of December, when his master complained that he filled the measures too much. A few words ensued, and the master took away the milk-pail and the money the man had received from customers, and told him to go about his business. In defence the master said that his man was spilling the milk when he spoke to him about it, but the man "discharged himself." The magistrates having heard the whole case, directed the master to pay the man 30s. as compensation, in addition to the costs, and dissolved the contract.

A CLEVER SWINDLER.

Andre Albert, a Frenchman, aged 29, and described as a clerk, pleaded guilty to the charge of unlawfully attempting to obtain by false pretences from Charles James Northcote and another the sum of £40, with intent to defraud.

From the statement of Mr. Poland, who prosecuted, it appeared that the brig *Penelope* left London in the month of December, in ballast, to return to Norway, and that the prisoner became aware of the fact on reading the *Shipping Gazette*. Instead of the vessel sailing at once out of the port of London, she went into the dry dock at Wapping, and was detained there until the 21st. The prisoner, knowing that in the ordinary course of things she would arrive at Yarmouth about the 26th, telegraphed from there to the owners in the name of the captain, saying that she had come into collision with an unknown vessel, that she had lost the jibboom and anchor, and that altogether her injuries were such as to require an immediate remittance of £40 for repairs. By a curious coincidence, the captain entered the owner's office just after they received the telegram purporting to come from him, and the nature of the attempted swindle was at once revealed. A telegram was despatched to the prisoner to say that a registered letter containing the money would be sent. This course was duly adopted; and in the meantime a detective proceeded to Yarmouth, and took the prsoner into custody on his receiving the letter. It appeared that the prisoner had pursued this system of swindling for some time, and that on one occasion he obtained £50 from a firm of shipowners by means of a spurious telegram.

The Deputy-Recorder sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment.

CONDITION OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

In the Roll's Court, before Lord Romilly, Sir Richard Baggallay, Q.C., moved, on behalf of Mr. Webb, owner of the house, 3, Leicester-square, occupied by Messrs. Stagg and Mantle linendrapers, for an ex parte injunction to restrain the defendant (Mr. Tulk) and Messrs. Perry and Co., contractors and builders, from taking away the iron railings or palisadings in Leicester-square and putting up hoardings twelve feet high, for the purpose of letting the same to Messrs. Willing and Co. for displaying advertisements. Plaintiff was first informed of the hoardings having been erected on the 8th January by the manager of Messrs. Stagg and Mantle, and on that day a letter was addressed to Messrs. Perry and Co. requesting to be informed what the erections were for, and notices were also served stating that if the hoardings were not removed an injunction would be applied for. It was stated that in 1865 the Metropolitan Board of Works, seeing the dilapidated condition of the grounds in the square, caused a notice to be set up that they had taken charge of them. Mr. Tulk, the present defendant, afterwards commenced an action in the Court of Queen's Bench against the Board, and it was turned out of possession, the verdict being confirmed by a full court.

His Lordship now granted an interim order, plaintiff giving the usual undertaking as to damages.

Wednesday, the 23rd of April, has been definitely fixed for the commencement of the Tichborne Claimant's trial on the double charge of perjury and forgery; and the proceedings will continue daily without intermission.

Although no day has yet been fixed for the hearing of Mr. Edwin James's petition for reinstatement at the English bar, it is understood that the arguments in the case will be held in chambers by a certain number of the judges sitting as benchers.

Mr. Baron Pollock took the oaths and seat as the new Judge of the Court of Exchequer on Saturday, and received the warm congratulations of his learned brethren on the bench, and of the leading counsel at the bar.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Saturday morning, Mr. Hawkins moved, in the case of "The Queen *v.* Castro," for a rule *nisi*, calling upon Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow to answer for contempt to the Queen's Bench, for uttering certain words in two speeches made at St. James's Hall in the month of December last, "such words tending to prejudice a fair and impartial trial of the indictment now pending in the Queen's Bench against the defendant Castro." The learned counsel then went into the history of the case, so far as related to the pending trial next April, and quoted from the speeches of Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow, reflecting upon all parties connected with the prosecution. Mr. Whalley said that he directly "charged the Tichbornes, the Doughtys, and the Ratcliffes with knowing that Tichborne was the man, and combining in a conspiracy against him. Mr. Whalley then asked what was the nature of the conspiracy, and upon what grounds did some people meet six years ago in a drawing-room to defy the law of England, and say, 'We have these estates. He is the man, but it is not expedient that he should have them. We are strong enough in Parliament, society, and on the judicial bench to defy the laws of England.'" Mr. Onslow had also lent his position in society to these meetings, and by their joint conduct were prejudicing the trial coming on before their lordships and a jury.

The Lord Chief Justice said the learned counsel had stated enough for his rule, and they directed that Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow should attend on Monday week at the sitting of the court, and answer the charges that had been made against them.

Mr. Kelly applied to the Court of Common Pleas, on Saturday, to declare that certain particulars of justification of the alleged libel on Mr. Odger were sufficient. Mr. Justice Brett had ordered them to be amended by striking out a paragraph making a general charge, and limiting them to certain meetings at which it was alleged Mr Odger had uttered treasonable or seditious language. Chief Justice Bovill thought the paragraph ought to be struck out, and the fullest particulars furnished, so far as the defendant could do so. The rule would be refused.

PROSECUTION OF A BANKER.

At the Central Criminal Court, on the application of Mr. F. H. Lewis, the case in which Mr. Robert Bowles, late of the firm of Bowles Brothers, who carried on business as American bankers in the Strand, is charged with having fraudulently disposed of certain securities deposited with him for safe custody, was postponed till next session, in consequence of the absence of the prosecutor, who is at present at Naples.

WELL-MERITED PUNISHMENT.

At Sevenoaks, on Friday, before Mr. C. R. C. Petley and Major German, Edward Hall, a farm bailiff, was charged with cruelly torturing and beating a horse. Mr. Palmer, a local solicitor, appeared on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The defendant was the manager of a farm for a widow living near Sevenoaks, and on the morning of the 19th of December he left the farm, driving a six-year-old horse which was fit only for slow work, for Croydon. As the horse could not go the pace he wanted he beat it with a thick stick for a distance of four or five miles, and as it was knocked up on getting near Croydon he jobbed it under the tail with the stick, and wanted one of the farm labourers who accompanied him to get out of the cart and cut him a stake out of the hedge, but he refused to do so. On the return journey from Croydon, the whole distance to be travelled being 32 miles, as the horse could not go from exhaustion, the defendant told his companion that he would cut its throat; but he was prevented doing so. When they arrived at Westerham the defendant purchased a thick whip, with which he beat the horse nearly the whole of the way to the farm, the animal being then completely exhausted and unable to eat the food placed before it. On the following morning the carter who attended to the horse found blood flowing down its thighs from several holes near the tail, and he refused to take it out to work at the defendant's bidding, sayihg that it was unfit for work. Upon that the defendant had it put into the cart, and drove it some distance, in the course of which three persons saw him beating the horse with a large stick over the head, ears, neck, and body for four or five minutes, and he swore at them when remonstrated with for his cruelty. The facts were brought before the Society, who sent down Mr. Arthur Cherry, veterinary surgeon, of Rupert-street, sixteen days after the occurrence, and he found three large wounds not healing, and a punctured wound four or five inches deep, which might have been caused by a pointed stick used with great violence. There were also a large number of marks near the tail, which appeared to have been caused by prodding. The Chairman said that it was one of the most disgraceful cases they had ever heard, and they felt it their duty not to inflict a fine, but to sentence the defendant to six weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour, on each of the two charges, the sentences not to be concurrent; upon which the defendant, who was the worse for liquor, said, "I live in England, I do."

THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH.

Mr. John Hampton, who pleaded Guilty at a former session to a charge of publishing a false and scandalous libel concerning Professor Wallis, surrendered in discharge of his recognizances to receive judgment.

It will be recollected that this charge arose out of a bet made by the defendent that the earth was flat, and not round. The bet was for £500, and it was decided against the defendant, and the amount handed over to the prosecutor, with whom the bet was made. Ever since this decision it appeared that the defendant had made violent attacks upon the character of the prosecutor, charging him with being a thief, and demanding the restoration not only of his own money, but the other £500 which he claimed to have won. The defendant pleaded guilty to publishing one of these libels upon the prosecutor, and the matter stood over in order to afford an opportunity for some arrangement being made to prevent a repetition of the annoyance to the prosecutor.

Mr. Montagu Williams, who appeared for the defendant, said that since the case was adjourned the last time the defendant had made ample apologies both to the prosecutor and his wife, and he had also undertaken never to repeat the offence. Under these circumstances he asked that he might be leniently dealt with.

Mr. Goodman, who was instructed to prosecute, said that the prosecutor had been subjected to a most serious system of annoyance for a long period from the defendant, and all that he desired was the protection of the law from such annoyance in future.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr said he was entitled to have protection, and he ordered the defendant to enter into his own recognizance in the sum of £1000 to appear and receive judgment if he should be called upon to do so, and in the meantime to keep the peace towards the prosecutor and all other of her Majesty's subjects.

The defendant, having entered into the required recognizance, was ordered to be discharged.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Mary Ann Moriarty, an Irishwoman, was charged upon an indictment, and also by the coroner's inquisition, with the wilful murder of her husband, Daniel Moriarty, by chopping him on the head with a hatchet. Mr. Ribton prosecuted. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Strright and Mr. Humphreys. The prisoner, who is a stout, powerful woman, pleaded Not Guilty to both the indictment and the coroner's inquisition. She was seated in the dock during the trial. The learned counsel for the prosecution, in opening the case to the jury, described it as one of a very sad and deplorable character. The prisoner and the deceased had been married for a great many years, and had eight children, and it appeared that they were both addicted to drink, and were very frequently in a state of intoxication. The melancholy occurrence took place on the evening of the 7th of December, and it appeared that at half-past two o'clock on that afternoon, the prisoner and the deceased were at a public house called the Wheatsheaf, and on account of their both being in liquor, the landlord very properly refused to serve them with any more liquor. After this there was every reason to believe that they did obtain drink at other public houses, and eventually they both went home to a lodging they occupied in Granby-street, Drury-lane. What actually occurred between them after their return did not appear to be very clearly made out, but about evening, as one of the other lodgers in the house was going down stairs, one of the prisoner's children made a communication to him, which induced him to go to the room occupied by the prisoner and the deceased, where a dreadful sight presented itself. The bed and the floor of the room were almost covered with blood, and the deceased was lying upon the ground, with his head bound round with a sheet, and he was bleeding profusely from several severe wounds in the head. The prisoner was present, and she did not appear to deny that it was her hand that had caused the injuries, and that they were inflicted with a hatchet, a very formidable instrument, that was discovered in the house covered with blood. The prisoner at the same time stated that the deceased had treated her very cruelly, and had struck her, and there were marks of blows on her face which appeared to have been recently inflicted.

The evidence for the prosecution having been adduced,

Mr. Straight made an able appeal to the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and he argued that upon all the facts they would be justified in finding her guilty of the lesser offence of manslaughter only.

The learned Judge having summed up, the jury, after deliberating for a short time, found the prisoner guilty of Manslaughter, and acquitted her of the murder.

She was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.

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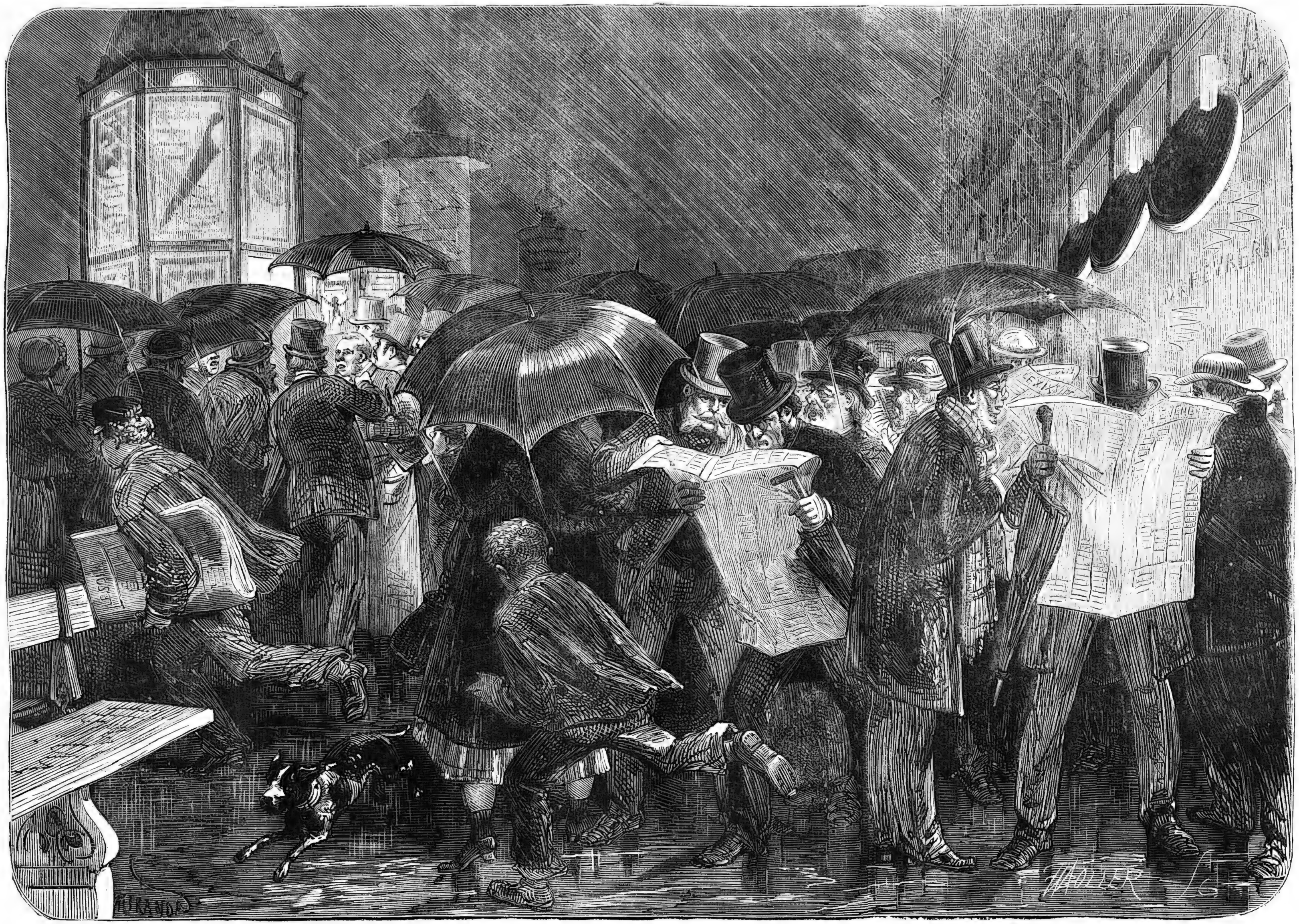
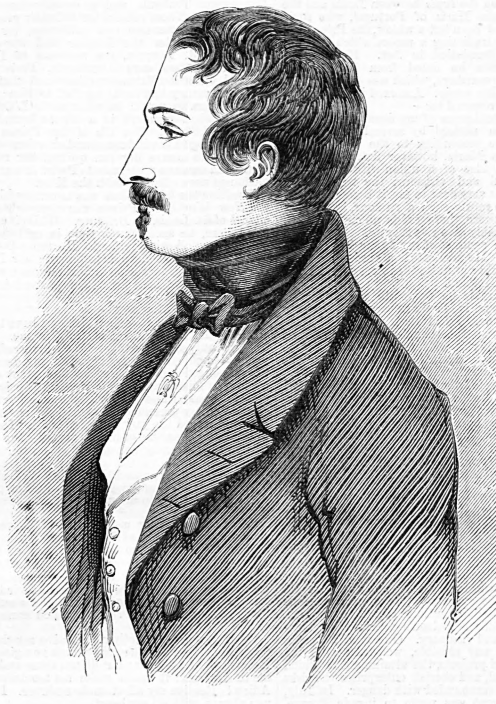


THE EMPEROR'S DEATH.—The Event announced in the Paris Evening Newspapers, January 9th.

ondon: Printed and Published for the Proprietors by Thomas Roberts, at the Offices, 300, Strand, W.C.—Saturday, January 18, 1873.

Biographical Memoir of the Emperor Napoleon
THE THIRD.



PRINCE CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT THE AGE OF 34 YEARS.
(*From a Drawing by Count D'Orsay*).

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.—A marvellous name has just passsed away. Its possessor was a personage who made his mark on the age in which he lived. Though dead, his name will last in the annals of history. Of the great Napoleon it has been tersely said, that "although born no king, yet monarchs drew his car." The subject of our memoir, it is true, as he himself asserts, was "born on the steps of a throne;" still fate did not favour either father or son. Fortune frowned on the Prince at first. A dark cloud overshadowed him and his career. During one period of his singular life, few would have opined that a man so bowed down, unfortunate, and disappointed, would ever have achieved renown or greatness. Nevertheless, the lamp of hope always burned for him, burnt brightest, in sooth, during the gloomiest of times, when other and less sanguine mortals would have taken refuge in despair, or even suicide. The departed Emperor has had numerous biographers. Of his life and character, principles, and policy, various views have been taken. He has by some writers been judged of too flatteringly, by others, again, too severely. But after all, it is to posterity we must look for a dispassionate appreciation of a potentate who was difficult to comprehend. Its judgment must be just.

The late lamented Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was the youngest son of Louis Bonaparte, who for seven years ruled the kingdom of Holland. His mother was Hortense Eugénie, daughter of the Empress Josephine, by her first husband, the Viscount de Beauharnais, who, by the way, perished on the scaffold, after having achieved distinction in the armies of the Republic. The birth of the royal infant, which occurred on the 20th April, 1808, was received with excessive demonstrations of joy, more especially throughout France. As this was the first prince born under Imperial rule, and in what was regarded as a direct line of succession, it was considered proper and loyal to celebrate the auspicious event with more than ordinary national outbursts of joy. For some unexplained, we will not say inexplicable, reason, the child's baptism was deferred until the 4th November, 1810. The interesting ceremony was performed at Fontainebleau, by the celebrated Cardinal Fesch, uncle to the Prince, who had for his sponsors both the Emperor and the Empress (Marie Louise).

Charles Louis (his baptismal names) had two brothers. The one (who was regarded by Napoleon as his heir) died at a tender age. The other, Napoleon Louis, died in 1831 at Forli, it is said from combined grief and exhaustion, after having taken part in the revolutionary events in Rome which ended in a *fiasco*. Erelong grief cast her dark shadow on the Prince's path. In 1815, political events in France led to the expulsion from that country of the Napoleonic family. They affected also the King of Holland, who had to abdicate his throne, and, together with the Queen, seek a temporary home in Bavaria. But even here the royal fugitives were not suffered to rest in peace. Owing to the entreaties or menaces of Louis XVIII., the Bavarian Government had no alternative but to peremptorily insist upon the departure of the exiles. Consequently they sought safety in flight. But troubles loomed around and about them. Queen Hortense and her sons had a narrow escape, for the Cossacks were upon their track. The ex-Queen, who now had become a discarded wife, made hot haste for Italy, where she succeeded in finding succour for herself and her babes.

Hortense was a woman of very potent charms, albeit of a rather delicate organization. One writer observes that "she possessed the most luxurious hair, which was of a light shining blonde, tinged with an ashen hue, which imparted to it an extraordinary appearance. It was long enough to reach the ground, and when she sat upon the chair to have it dressed, she suffered it to fall over her whole figure like a veil, and trail on all sides upon the floor. Even at such times her two little sons were always with her, and used often to amuse themselves by hiding in turn under their mother's hair, and bolting out suddenly to produce a laugh. When she was dressed, they generally went down with her to the carriage door, one of the little fellows carrying her gloves and shawl, while the other performed the office of page, and bore her train." The ex-Queen had the reputation of being a good, if not an accomplished, musician. At all events she composed several pretty airs, one being the well-known "Partant pour la Syrie," which in time became the national anthem of France. She likewise tried her hand as an authoress, and published some interesting reminiscences of her career, in which some light is thrown upon the early life of her son, to whom she was wholly devoted. This child manifested early symptoms of precocity. His activity was unbounded. His unrest was a matter of concern. His nature, too, was kind, bland, and susceptible. Albeit, like his mother, constitutionally delicate, yet fear had no dominion over him—a disposition which all through his chequered career he has abundantly manifested. The following anecdote is narrated of him when but in his fourth year:—Then, for the first time, he happened to behold a chimney-sweep, all covered with soot. The sight alarmed him for the time, so that he rushed to his governess, and besought her protection. This lady, who was no other than Madame de Bouhers, placed her pupil on her knee, caressed him, and by this gentle treatment succeeded in soothing his needless fears. Not only so, but she inspired his mind with sympathy for that particular grimy class. Several months had passed away, when a similar visitation took place. While sleeping with his brother in the nursery, the nurse having retired for a time, a young Savoyard, wrapped in a sooty envelope, popped suddenly down the chimney into the apartment. Prince Louis was awoke by the noise, and naturally startled upon seeing a naked sweep before him, and the room filled with a cloud of dust. What did the royal child do? Suddenly recalling the previous admonition of his governess, he got out of bed, ran across the room, climbed on a chair, and abstracting his pocket-money from a drawer, gave it, purse and all, to the lucky sweep. Having then essayed to return to his couch, he was foiled in the attempt. He stumbled, and thus awoke his brother, who seeing what was the matter, summoned the nurse to his assistance.

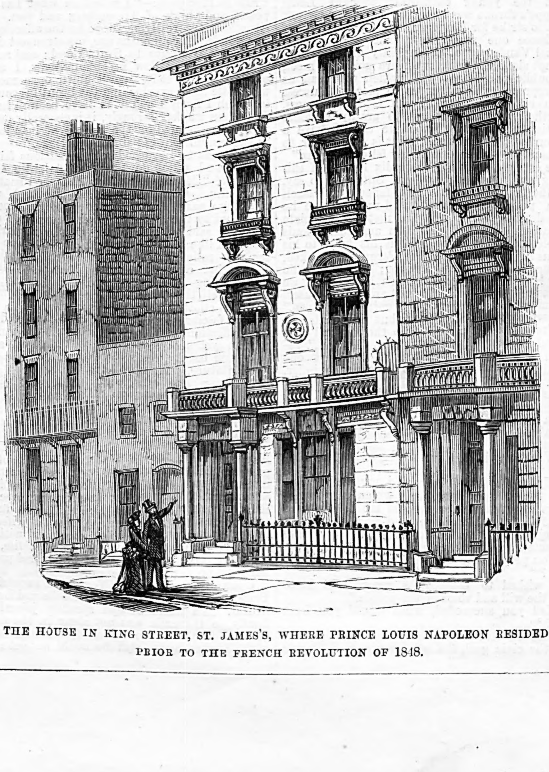
No mother could be more affectionate and devoted than Hortense, as the following story will show. When but a mere child, Charles Louis suffered from the effects of a dental operation, which was clumsily performed. An artery in the gums became ruptured, and the discharge of blood therefrom was copious, so much so, indeed, that fears were gravely entertained lest the Prince should die. It seemed as though all the art possessed by the dental surgeons of Paris were of no avail, inasmuch as they failed to arrest the hæmorrhage. What does the Queen do? Why, no sooner does she receive tidings of her child's condition, although in the dead of night, than she quits her bed, makes a hasty toilette, and hurries off to the invalid's chamber. Here she finds the attendants sad, downcast, and in tears. But a parent's love has no time to indulge in sentimental grief. She quickly applies remedies which she herself has devised. These she has the gratification of finding efficacious. The wound becomes stanched, and the emaciated boy gently falls into a profound slumber. But the most touching part of the anecdote is to come. After the mother goes on tip-toe to her room, she seeks repose in vain. The spectre of her son, wan, death-stricken, smeared with blood, haunts her mind while in a half-dreamy, half-wakeful state. It affects her imagination so strongly that she vacates her couch, and tremblingly makes her way for the second time to the sleeping apartment of the Prince. She listens attentively: not a sound disturbs the silence of night save the heavy breathing of the nurse She had carelessly fallen asleep beside her charge. Hortense naturally conceives from this omen that there exists no ground for alarm. However, to make assurance doubly sure, as it were, she moves gently towards the bed on which her boy reposes. She draws the curtains carefully, and, horror of horrors! what does she see? She sees her child's face ghastly and blood-stained. Again had the artery burst—again was life, to all appearance, fast ebbing. What now is to be done? At a bound the terrified mother seizes the Prince in her arms. Acting on the inspiration or impulse of the moment, she places her finger in his mouth, and with marvellous effect presses it firmly on the wound. Her labour of love, her tentative trial of skill have their reward. The crimson stream is speedily arrested, and having passed the remainder of the night with Louis in her arms, she finds when morning dawns that not only is the bleeding stayed, but the cicatrice healed. In this gratifying manner was a mother's affection requited.

The great Napoleon appears to have taken a special liking to his nephew, Charles Louis; for did he not, on his return from Elba, present him ostensibly to the deputies of the people as well as to the army on the occasion of a grand field day? Although but seven years of age when these events occurred, they took deep root in the youth's mind. Again when, for the last time, he was embraced by his uncle at Malmaison, what strong agitation the nephew manifested! He wanted there and then to share the conqueror's fortunes. So disturbed was he, that his mother failed to pacify him. The boy, it is recorded, came rushing into his uncle's presence, and, climbing on his knee, implored of him to remain in France, and to set out on no further conquests; for "otherwise," quoth he, "the enemy will capture you, and I shall never see Napoleon again!" This episode affected the stern Emperor perceptibly. He forthwith handed the strange youth to Hortense, oracularly remarking, "There, embrace your son: look well to him. Come what may, he will possess a good heart. Perhaps, after all, he is destined to be the hope of my race." Very remarkable words at the least.

After several changes of residences, Hortense took up her abode in Switzerland. Here, owing to the decision of the Parisian court, she was compelled to surrender her eldest son to his father, who now assumed the title of Count St. Leu. The trial was terrible, but she bore it well. Charles Louis was more outwardly affected, for he flung his arms around his brother's neck, and wept as though his heart would break. But the divorced wife endeavoured, at all events, to do her duty faithfully as a mother, even supposing that she had not honourably fulfilled her marital obligations. She especially devoted herself to the direction of her son's studies. Charles Louis was accordingly at once placed under the tutilage of a stern Republican, named Lebas. Perhaps this was not a wise policy. It is asserted, and with a show of reason, that the peculiar socialist doctrines advocated at one period by the pupil were the direct results of the preceptor's influence and teaching. We are not prepared to question this statement, for we know how first impressions are prone to sink deeply into the receptive soil of the juvenile mind.

Charles Louis in time entered the military college at Thun. He made gunnery his special study, having a taste for this particular branch of military art. Indeed, he went so far as to become a Swiss citizen, and to serve in the Swiss army. But, however apparently attached to books, and to the study of his profession, he evinced a wayward, wandering spirit. He was wont to go on tiresome, tedious journeys, with a knapsack slung over his shoulders, wandering gloomily among the wilds of his adopted country. He and his fellow-cadets would think nothing of walking ten or more leagues a day, bent on military *reconnaisances* on the mountains, content with a bare crust, and sleeping at night under a tent at the foot of the glaciers. Every year he would make an excursion of this kind, and scruple not to handle the pick-axe, the shovel, and the wheelbarrow like a common soldier.

At length, after the outbreak of July, 1830, when Louis Philippe ascended the throne, the aspiring young man sought to return to France. He asked permission of the Government, but his request was strenuously refused. Still he was undaunted. He repeated his request, even as a test of good faith, proposing to serve in the army of his country. But no; the authorities were inexorable. He received a reply on the second occasion, it is true; but what was its purport? Why, its tenour only renewed the decree of his proscription—bitter disappointment, producing the profoundest chagrin. He actually grew exasperated. Not bereft of hope, however, he cherished the innate, irrepressible idea that he was a "Man of Destiny," and that one day, distant though that day may appear, he would be the favourite of Fortune, the idol of the French people, and the absolute ruler of the destinies of France. Astute politicians and historians have severely commented upon, and unreservedly condemned, this act of the "Citizen King," whose council prevailed in the cabinet. They pronounced it a cold, selfish, cruel policy. Louis Philippe's mother and sister had been under obligations, weighty perhaps, to the first Emperor, which obligations were so abominably requited. But a day of retribution came in due time.



THE HOUSE IN KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, WHERE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON RESIDED PRIOR TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Louis Napoleon (by which name we shall in future call him, as owing to certain circumstances he about this time dropped the name Charles) upon the revolutionary outbreak in Rome during 1831, set out for that city, accompanied by his brother. He sympathized with the Italian insurgents, and even accepted a command in their ranks. Through his agency, and owing to the magic of his name, the youth of Italy flocked around the *tricolour*. The insurrectionary army, by a series of successful manœuvres, was pressed forward into strong positions, Rome being finally reached. Glorious hopes, which speedily were dissipated. Before the holy city the army quiescently encamped; the one absorbing idea it cherished was that of Italian freedom. To obtain this mighty long-desired boon, it was resolved that not one stone of Rome's classic hills should rest upon another, if freedom could only be purchased at such a price. The inexperience of the two Princes, albeit not wanting in courage, was found to unfit them for responsible commands; consequently, the same were transferred to experienced soldiers, such as Generals Amandi and Sercognani. The die was cast, however, and the insurgents were signally foiled in the height of their expectations. Austria, in this emergency, came to the rescue; not possibly so much in consequence of the Papal appeal, which was urgent, as out of personal motives. The Emperor of Austria, though a Catholic power, considered that, although it might be advisable to aid the Pope, it was more desirable still, by a timely act of interference, to prevent the revolutionary spirit spreading to his dominions.

Accordingly, an army corps was speedily despatched to the relief of Rome. As the troops were observed marching towards the capital, a panic ensued in the ranks of the insurgents; Louis Napoleon and his brother were deserted by their confederates. Hence the premeditated attack had to be ignominiously abandoned. The relieving force advanced apace, and thus rendered the futile cause of Italian liberty indefinitely hopeless. In this emergency both the Napoleons organized a guerilla band about two hundred strong. They took up their position at Civita Castellana, where they encountered the enemy. Both Louis and his brother fought valiantly, the latter receiving a wound, of which he finally died. The fierce and unpromising combat could be sustained no longer. The Austrian soldiery had overrun the entire of Italy, occupying the strategic passes, the garrisons, together with the villages and plains. Louis Napoleon had to make his escape at any risk. By a miracle he escaped in disguise through the lines, and succeeded in joining his mother at Foligno. Here, by means of a surreptitious passport, the authorities were put off their guard. Hortense represented that her son had got away in a lugger during the night, and that Corfu was his destination, he being concealed in her apartments all the time.

Every hour did the risk of discovery become greater. To render matters more unpromising, Louis fell ill. He was attacked with measles, so that for several days his removal was impossible. Difficulty and danger increased. Hortense was apprehensive that her hiding-place would surely be discovered, more especially as Austrian officers were continually about. These were anxious to take her son prisoner. With this object in view, every pass was vigilantly guarded, while patrols scoured the country in search of him and his scattered fugitives. At length the convalescent Prince was covertly conveyed to Mascesta. Here he was recognised, but, singular to say, not betrayed. When Hortense, the afflicted mother, reached the confines of Tuscany, to her surprise, she ascertained that her son had been expelled from that duchy. No alternative was left but at once to turn aside, and seek a temporary refuge in Camoscia, a place then crowded with Italian fugitives on their way to Corfu. When he arrived in the former city, Louis, although unrecognized himself, perceived a number of his revolutionary associates, and, accompanied by his mother, sought shelter and repose in a common inn. But so thronged was the house to which they resorted with poor fugitive soldiers, who discussed their evil fortunes and the failure of their efforts, that, lest his incognito should be disclosed, he directly fled from the place, and went to another restaurant for refreshment. Returning at nightfall, he found access to his mother's rooms dangerous, and hence he desisted from his desire. Knowing that Hortense might have to leave in the dead of night, and anxious to be as near to her as possible, he, still dressed in lackey's garb, flung himself upon a rude heap of stones that lay in the broken street before the door where she lodged. In this uncomfortable position, wearied in mind and exhausted in body, he slept until dawn. Eventually he joined his mother, and by way of Vienna, Germany, and France, tarrying in Paris, with the concurrence of Louis Philippe, for a few days, he reached England in safety, from whence, on the 7th of August, they proceeded to their home in the Swiss mountains.

Louis Napoleon's ambition began to develope itself soon after the decease of his father in 1832. To found a dynasty became his great aim; for now that the Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon II.) had passed away, was he not the direct heir to the throne of France? Both mother and son led singularly quiet and unostentatious lives during their residence in the Helvetic Republic. The latter, like a philosopher, turned his ill-luck to good account by devoting his attention to reading and authorship — recreations he never relinquished. "Political Reviews" was the title of the first effort of his pen. Then followed "Political and Military Reflections upon Switzerland." This was regarded as a wonderful production for a young man of five-and-twenty. Indeed, it was owing to this book that the Petty Council of Thurgovia conferred upon him the honour of communal citizenship. This award was finally sanctioned by acclamation of the Grand Council. "My position as an exile," remarks Louis Napoleon, in acknowledging the favour done him, "makes me the more sensible of this mark of attention on your part. Believe me that, under all the circumstances of my future life as a Frenchman and a Bonaparte, I shall be proud of being the citizen of a free nation. My mother desires me to say how much she is touched by the interest you have shown towards me."

About this time (1833) also, he published a "Treatise on Artillery," which was not unfavourably regarded by military critics. His literary industry, however, did not prevent him from contemplating the political horizon. He was well aware that the peace of Europe was not permanently settled by the voluntary arrangement of 1831, no more than by the compulsory treaties of 1815. Consequently, in reviewing the probabilities of future convulsions, he who had taken his first lesson at Rome, saw no reason why he might not eventually hope to be thrown upon the surface.

A rumour having gained ground in 1835 that a marriage was on the *tapis* between Louis and the beautiful Donna Maria of Portugal, who some time before had been left a widow, the Prince lost no time in contradicting a report which had not the slightest foundation in fact. He issued a manifesto, which he dated from his mother's château in Arenenberg, which was successful in silencing the silly gossip. Annexed is a portion of the document referred to:—

"As the intelligence of my departure for Portugal has been noticed by several journals, as though I were pretending to the hand of the Queen, Donna Maria, however flattering to me might be the idea of a union with a youthful lady, beautiful and virtuous, the widow of a cousin who was very dear to me, it becomes necessary for me to refute such a rumour, because, so far as I am aware, there exists no circumstance that could possibly give rise thereto.

"The noble conduct of my father has not left my memory. He abdicated a throne in 1810, because he could not unite the interests of France with those of Holland.

"By his example he proved to me how far the claims of one's native land are paramount even to a foreign throne. I feel that, habituated since infancy to cherish the thought of my native land above every other consideration, I should not be able to hold anything in higher esteem than the interests of France.

"I am persuaded that the great name which I bear will not always be regarded by my fellow-countrymen as a ground of exclusion, since that name recalls to them fifteen years of glory. I wait with composure, in a hospitable and free country, until the time shall come when the nation will recall to its bosom those who, in 1815, were expatriated by the will of two hundred thousand strangers.

"This hope of one day serving my country as a citizen and soldier of France is worth, in my mind, all the thrones in the world."

Doubtless a very gloomy, patriotic, disinterested epistle. Its phraseology is rather peculiar, while some sentences may almost be regarded in the light of a prophecy. The "great name" wrought its potent charm in the end; and the time did come when "the expatriated" were recalled—one of whom directed the destinies of a mighty nation.

Some of Louis Napoleon's schemes were extremely wild and visionary. One is at a loss to conceive how any sensible, well-balanced mind could entertain projects, the attainment of which was so doubtful, and cherish enterprises the risks of which were surrounded with danger. In July, 1836, the attempt was made to invade France. With this purpose he set out for Baden. He tampered with the fidelity of the troops in the various garrisons situated on the eastern frontier of his native country. At Strasburg particularly he received warm encouragement. The 4th regiment of Artillery stationed there at the time, had served under Napoleon at the reduction of Tours. On the 29th October he revealed his plans to Colonel Vaudrey, who supported his enterprise. The Colonel was obnoxious to the shedding of blood; consequently to avow so dire an alternative, he suggested to the Prince that he should place himself at the head of the regiment, and that they should march together to the head-quarters of General Voirol, remarking: "An old soldier will not be able to resist sight of you and the Imperial eagle, especially when made aware that the garrison favours your plans." Louis Napoleon replied, "I approve your arguments." So everything was arranged for a demonstration on the following morning. No doubt the young enthusiast thought Louis Philippe's throne was imperilled; for was he not about to strike for Emperor or for death? "What confidence one must have," he remarked to Colonel Vaudrey, "of the nobility of a cause to face not alone the dangers we are going to meet, but public opinion as well, which will load us with reproaches, and tear us to pieces if success crown not our efforts. I call God to witness, nevertheless, that it is not to gratify personal ambition, but because I believe that I have a mission to fulfil that I risk what is more dear to me than life—the esteem of my fellow-citizens."

We cannot enter into the prolix history of this daring and desperate exploit. Suffice it to say, that the Prince was completely foiled, and himself taken prisoner. In the guard-room where he was lodged by the soldiers he met his associate M. Parquin, who had also been arrested. Louis Napoleon at once stretched out his hand to his zealous follower, upon which Parquin remarked, "Prince, we shall surely be shot; but we will die nobly!" "Yes," replied Louis Napoleon, "we have assuredly fallen in a grand and noble cause." Soon afterwards General Voirol entered. "Prince," he observed, "you have found but one traitor in the French army," referring to the Colonel who abetted his designs. "Say rather, General," retorted the captive, "that I have found one Labédoyère!" This was a cutting rejoinder, truly.

The captured insurgents were all duly subjected to a searching examination. In Louis Napoleon's case a number of questions were put to him to which answers were returned. Such as, for example:—

"What was it that impelled you to take this step?"

"My political opinions, and my desire once more to set my country free, which foreign invaders have hitherto prevented me from doing. In 1830 I claimed to be treated as a citizen. I was rejected as a Pretender. Well, I have since conducted myself accordingly."

"You proposed to establish a military government?"

"I wished to establish a government based upon the will and voice of the people."

"Had you succeeded, what would you have done?"

"I would have invoked a national congress."

In the civic gaol, the prisoners were subjected to gross insolence. Light and air were purposely excluded. But Louis Napoleon's misery and that of his associates did not last long. On the evening of November 9th the prefect appeared, accompanied by General Voirol, bringing the agreeable announcement that the political offenders were all to quit the prison; but sedulously careful not to mention a word as to their place of destination. They at once set out for the prefecture. Here two post-carriages were ready, in one of which the Prince was placed. He was guarded by Lieutenant Thiboult and a commandment of gendarmerie. These officers treated their prisoner with marked attention and politeness, for they had served under the Empire, and were the friends of M. Parquin, the associate of Louis Napoleon. Two days afterwards, Paris was reached, when the Prince was informed that the King's clemency had been granted to him; that in two hours he would be escorted to L'Orient, where he should embark in a frigate bound for the United States. The life of the Prince was spared owing to the influence and exertions of his mother, who to save her son quitted her retirement, and came on post-haste to Paris. A woman's pleadings were effectual with the King.

Awaiting the frigate that was to convey him to the New World, the Prince was removed to the citadel of St. Louis, in Brittany. While incarcerated here, he spent much time in correspondence. The following letter to Hortense displays much feeling and deep attachment; for Louis Napoleon was not wanting in filial affection, whatever might have been his weaknesses and defects of heart and head:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"I perceive in the step which you have taken all the affection which you feel for me. You thought only of the danger that I incurred, but you did not sufficiently consider my honour, which obliged me to share the fate of my companions in misfortune. It has caused me poignant grief to forsake those men whom I led on to their ruin, when my presence and my depositions might have influenced the jury in their favour. I wrote to the King, begging of him to regard them with lenity: it is the only favour which can touch my heart.

"I am about to embark for America; but, my dear mother, I implore you not to follow me if you would not add to my grief.

* * * * * * *

"I beg of you, dear mother, to watch over the wants of the prisoners of Strasburg. Take care of Colonel Vaudrey's two sons, who are at Paris with their mother. I could easily reconcile myself to my fate if I knew that my companions in misfortune would not be deprived of their lives; but to have on one's conscience the death of brave soldiers is a bitter grief, which cannot be effaced.

"Adieu, my dear mother. Receive my thanks for all the proofs of affection which you give me. Return to Arenenberg; but do not come and join me in America; it would make me too unhappy. Adieu! Receive my affectionate embrace. I love you always, with all my heart.

"Your affectionate and respectful son,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS."

Louis Napoleon was released from home bondage on the 21st November, 1836. The sub-prefect, accompanied by magistrates and officers of police, conducted their prisoner on board the frigate, which was lying ready for the distinguished exile. A crowd had assembled to witness the remarkable event. Owing to adverse winds several days had elapsed ere the vessel could get clear of the channel. Finally the wind abated, and the frigate put out into the Atlantic. The voyage was both tedious aud dangerous. Indeed, so dreadful was the stress of weather encountered by the ship, that fears were entertained for her safety. A terrible tornado tattered her sails and tore away one of her masts.

When the storms he encountered in northern latitudes had passed away, and the trade-winds set in, he would remain for hours on deck, "seated on the poop." While in this position, he wrote to Hortense:—"I reflect on what has happened, and think of Arenenberg and you. Our situations are really modified by the affections of our minds. Two months ago, my strongest desire was never to return to Switzerland; and now, if I were free to follow my inclinations, I would eagerly fly back to it, and sit down once more in that little room overlooking the beautiful country in which I fancy I ought to have been so happy. But when we feel strongly, it is generally our lot to be overwhelmed by the weight of inaction, or in the convulsions of painful situations."

He seems to have had a superstitious faith in omens, and while on the wild Atlantic surge, thinks of "Mathilde," whom Fate had snatched from him. Once (he tells his mother), upon entering a park with this young lady, a tree was shattered by the storm in their presence, "upon which I said within myself that our marriage would in like manner be broken off." The wide sea now rolled between them, which, combined with other circumstances, effectually cut them off; causing him to ask, "Have I, then, exhausted all the small stock of happiness which has been allotted to me in this world?"

The fascinating Mathilde, who inspired the early affections of Louis Napoleon, was then but sixteen years of age. She is described as of charming beauty, finely-formed, and, although of small stature, possessing a richly rounded figure, large impressive eyes, and features of classic mould, with light brown hair, flowing in full luxuriance. She was the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, by Frederique Catherine, daughter of Frederic, King of Wurtemberg.

Destiny did not favour the union of Louis Napoleon and the first eligible object of his passion. Mathilde acted a very sensible part, for, instead of wasting away her life in fruitless pining after an exile, she gave her hand in marriage to a Russian prince, Anatole Demidoff, and finally settled down into the common doom of wifedom, under the influences of which, combined with the dissipations essential to a fashionable life, she soon lost those native charms which had proved her most prominent attraction.

Upon arriving in New York, the expatriated Prince fell in with his relatives Achille and Lucien Murat. His uncle Joseph speedily joined the family, so the exile was not alone in the world. Although he set to work to study the constitution of the United States, still he could not get rid of possibly to acquit his conscience, he addressed a prolix communication to M. Villaud, explanatory the Strasburg failure. Hence, to ease his mind, of his motives and exculpatory of his conduct. In it he remarks:—"It is easier to prevent anarchy than to repress it. It is easier to direct the masses than to follow up their passions. . . . When I entered France, I had not thought upon the course I should have to take in case of defeat. I thought, in case of misfortune, on my proclamation as a testament, and on my death as a blessing. Such is my way of thinking."

On the 3rd April, 1837, when contemplating a tour through the States, Louis Napoleon received a touching letter from his mother. Its tenour was distressing. Therein Hortense informed her banished son that her condition was dangerous; in fine, that she was preparing to undergo a serious surgical operation. The coincidence to some may appear remarkable, as the late Emperor's death was occasioned by the indirect result of a delicate operation. "Should it fail," she wrote, "receive in this letter my last blessing. We shall meet, doubt it not, in a better world. In this, I leave little to regret but thy love, which has been the chief charm of life. To lessen thy grief, think that thy attentions have rendered thy mother as happy as circumstances make it possible on earth. Think, too, of my love for you, and take heart. Rest assured we shall meet again—such hope is too consolatory, too necessary for us, not to be true. My beloved! I press thee to my heart! And that good Areso! I send him my blessing as to a son. I am both calm and resigned, and even trust that we may see each other yet once more in this world. God's will be done."

What was to be done in this emergency? Why, at any hazard to return to Europe. Louis Napoleon's love for his mother could not let him rest in exile. Hence he quits the shores of America, and arrives in Switzerland just in time to solace the last few hours of a life dear to him above all earthly treasures. The mother and son "did see each other once more in this world."

After a while the Government of France grew jealous of Louis Napoleon's sojourn in a neighbouring country. Hence a peremptory demand was made on the Helvetic Confederation for his expulsion. This demand the Federal Directory refused to concede. France grew angry. Her honour was touched. Nothing was left but to make war on her weaker neighbour, thus to punish it for its stubbornness. An army was despatched to the frontier. The Swiss Republic prepared to meet force by force. Happily a conflict was prevented by the discreet conduct of the Prince, who gracefully intimated to the authorities his resolve to evacuate Swiss territory. On the 14th October, 1838, he landed for the second time on our shores. From danger he here felt perfectly secure. He knew full well that Louis Philippe would not trouble England, being conscious of her power.

During the second sojourn of Louis Napoleon in London—that is, from October 14, 1836, to August 6th, 1840—he became the observed of all observers. He did not waste his time or energies in dissipation, but managed to employ his opportunities to the best advantage. It was in the metropolis he composed that singular book, "Les Idées Napoléoniennes," wherein he upholds imperialistic views of government, and avows to the world what a monarch ought to be. The first edition of this work contains a curious preface. In it the author observes:—

"If the destiny which my birth presaged had not been changed by events, I, a nephew of the Emperor, should have been one of the defenders of his throne, and a propagator of his ideas. I should have enjoyed the glory of being a pillar of his edifice, or of dying in one of the squares of his Guard, while fighting for France. The Emperor is no more, but his spirit still lives. Prevented from defending his shielding power with arms, I can at least attempt to defend his memory with the pen. To enlighten public opinion by searching out the thought which presided over his high conceptions, to recall to mind his vast plans, is a task which yet smiles upon my heart, and consoles my exile! Fear of offending contrary opinions will not restrain me: ideas which are under the ægis of the great genius of modern times may be avowed without reserve. . . Enemy of all absolute theories, and of all moral dependence, I have no engagement with any party, any sect, or any government. My voice is as free as my thought; and I love freedom!—Carlton-terrace, July, 1839."

Louis Napoleon was invited to the famous tournament given by the Earl of Eglinton at his castle in Ayrshire. Here he appeared to advantage, such was the style and costliness of his appointments, and the skill he displayed in horsemanship. His intimacy continued after the marriage of the Earl, so that he was occasionally invited to stay with the family. We are told by the author of "Italy and the War of 1859" (Julie de Marguerittes), that "the impression he made upon Lady Eglinton and her visitors was that of a quiet, gentlemanly, and inoffensive young man, who contributed nothing either to the conversation or amusement of the company. He was skilful at all physical exercises, but very still and silent in a drawing-room, and certainly left no impression of possessing great powers of mind, or extraordinary capacities of any kind. When the ladies withdrew from the table, he was in the habit of leaving, usually proceeding to the nursery, where he had impressed the three young daughters of the Countess by a former marriage with a great idea of his talents in all baby plays, such as ball, blind man's buff, &c.; but more especially they remembered his genius in making rabbits and shadows on the wall!"

Louis Napoleon's reliance on destiny partook of the enthusiasm of religious faith. In 1839 the Earl of ——— came to visit a friend who had passed some days with Louis at Buchanan House. "Only think of that young man," said he, alluding to the subject of our memoir; "nothing can persuade him that he is not to be Emperor of France. The Strasburg affair has not in the least shaken him. He is thinking constantly of what he is to do when he is on the throne."

His firm purpose he made known to seize the first opportunity of overthrowing the existing Government and establish a new *regimé* in France. Once he observed to a friend: "That time, too, sir, is as sure to come as the ashes of Napoleon are one day to repose on the banks of the Seine." Probably he was not then aware that at the very time negotiations were actually pending between England and France for the removal of his uncle's body to the Invalides.

Time wore on, and Louis Napoleon at length thought that the star of destiny had shone over his head. He had resolved upon another exploit, quite as visionary and desperate, nay, as hopeless as that he had previously attempted. A second invasion of France was the political programme presented to a few enthusiastic, unreflecting followers, who risked their necks to advance the interests and designs of their leader. A small steamer was chartered, some warlike stores were placed on board, together with specie to a considerable amount. It was alleged that the vessel was bound on a voyage of pleasure to Hamburg. The Prince was accompanied by Count Montholon, Count Persigny, General Voissin, Dr. Conneau, who was one of the late Emperor's household at Chislehurst, and others of less note. The party embarked at Margate on August 5th, 1840. They had with them a live eagle, which was intended to fly to the top of Napoleon's Column at Boulogne.

Boulogne harbour was reached on the following morning. The steamer, upon getting within a mile of the shore, dropped her anchor. A small boat was then lowered, into which a portion of the passengers entered. This proceeding being observed by a Custom-house officer named Audinet, he made for that part of the beach where the boat was likely to touch, namely, Vimeaux, about a mile from Boulogne, and then hailed the crew. They intimated that they were soldiers belonging to the 40th of the Line—as their uniform served to show—that they were *en route* from Dunkirk to Cherbourg, and that an accident having occurred to one of the wheels of the vessel, they were compelled to go on shore. This audacious mendacity passed muster, and as no suspicion was then aroused, the fifteen men in the boat were allowed to land. The first step adopted was to seize the lieutenant of the guard and two of his subordinates, so as to prevent their raising an alarm, while the Prince offered a bribe of twelve hundred francs per annum to the former if he would aid him with his men—a favour summarily declined. Then the boat returned to the steamer, and in three successive trips brought the entire of the so-called expedition together. Meanwhile some officers of the Customs, while going their rounds, were challenged and captured.

A conflict finally ensued with the military, whom Louis Napoleon considered favoured his scheme. Neither proclamations nor protests could stir up the people to revolution, while the garrison was not inspired even by the presence of a Bonaparte. The worsted warriors in their defeat made for the beach, while a volley of bullets accelerated their progress. Some sought refuge in the water. The Prince himself had a narrow escape of his life, for he was thrice struck; two bullets penetrated his garments, and he received a slight wound in the arm. He tried to swim, but boats were dispatched in pursuit. In a short time the rebels were captured, together with the *City of Edinburgh*, and all she had on board.

Louis Napoleon is first taken to the citadel; but next day is transferred, under escort, to the fortress of Ham, near St. Quentin, on the Belgian frontier. From thence he is quickly sent on to Paris—his convoy, the Colonel of the Guard (who sat next to him in the carriage with loaded pistols), conveying the intimation that he had orders to blow out his brains should he attempt to escape. No sooner does he reach the capital than he is thrown into one of the gloomy cells of the Conciergerie, that very dungeon which, a few months before, was occupied by the regicide Fieschi. Here he is visited by Chateaubriand, who tries to solace him by expressions of sympathy. Louis Napoleon and his fellow prisoners were brought to trial on a charge of treason on Monday, September 28, the report of accusation having previously been prepared by M. Perril. The prosecution was chiefly conducted by M. Franck Carré, the *procureur-général;* while the eminent advocate, M. de Berryer, undertook the defence. If the spirit of the former was unduly hostile, it was more than atoned for by the forensic strains of enthusiastic exculpation in which the latter indulged. The trial lasted eight days, owing to the numerous forms, decrees, and criminatory papers of other kinds, put in, and the number of witnesses examined.

When Louis Napoleon, during his examination, was asked, "Do you recognise these proclamations, this decree, this order of the day?" his reply was, "Yes; I wrote them all myself." Again, when, after the deposition of the soldier Geoffrey—who, it will be remembered, received a wound from a pistol-shot in the Boulogne barracks—it was inquired whether the accused had any observation to make, he simply said, "I have nothing to say but that I deeply regret having wounded a French soldier, even by chance; and I am glad that the accident has not been attended by more serious consequences."

On the same bench next to Dr. Conneau sat the Prince. As M. Berryer made a powerful speech in behalf of the chief conspirator, so M. Barillon pleaded fervently the doctor's cause. "The dying Princess," observed he, "had written in her will this phrase, which will for ever associate her faithful physician with the existence of the young Prince—'I desire that my son should always keep Dr. Conneau near to him.' This dying wish has been religiously observed, for on that unhappy bench you see the doctor sitting beside the son of his benefactress." This sentence becomes invested with peculiar pathos from the circumstance that the faithful Dr. Conneau was by the Emperor's side during his last moments on earth.

Louis Napoleon and his fellow-prisoners were removed to the Conciergerie, where they anxiously awaited the sentence of the Court. The Chamber of Peers took three days to consider what sentence it should pass. At length the judgment was pronounced. The principal criminal was condemned to imprisonment for life in a French fortress; Dr. Conneau's term being fixed at five years. Fifty-three prisoners were brought to trial, of which twenty received sentences, the remaining thirty-three being set at liberty.

When Louis Napoleon received the first intimation of the sentence promulgated against him, he is said to have betrayed no emotion, but to have remarked, "At least, I shall have the happiness of dying in France." And when, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of October, this decree was formally read to him in his cell, as the words "perpetual banishment" were pronounced, he calmly remarked, "Formerly it was said that the word 'impossible' was not French. I suspect it is so with the word 'perpetual' now." At this time Napoleon was thirty-two years of age.

At midnight on the 6th October, Louis Napoleon was led from the Conciergerie, placed in a carriage, and conveyed to the fortress of Ham—a place intended to have become his living tomb, and the grave of all Napoleonic ambition. His fellow-prisoners, General Montholon and Dr. Conneau, petitioned the Government for permission to occupy the same prison with their chief, which favour was generously granted.

At first Louis Napoleon took his ill-fortune complacently; nor was he greatly depressed by the gloomy surroundings of a dreary fortress, situated in a desolate part of the country, some ninety miles north-east of Paris. "I keep myself occupied," he thus writes to his advocate, M. Barrot, "so that I forget my prison and my fetters. Happiness consists far more in imagination than reality; and as I bear within me an imaginary world peopled with hopes and recollections, I feel myself as strong in solitude as in a crowd."

In this prison, and but nine months after his incarceration, the Prince wrote a *brochure*, entitled "Historical Fragments." Its main object was to refute the principles and some of the statements put forth at the time by M. Guizot, in his *Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre*. This production met with success, and passed through several editions. He produced another book in the autumn of 1842, bearing on the "Sugar Question," a subject vast and complex.

At length Louis Napoleon grew weary of confinement, although the prison discipline was not unduly rigorous. His protests to the French Government availed not, neither did his petitions to the King. Having had tidings of the dangerous condition of his father's health, he resolved upon making an effort to escape—a feat accomplished by the aid and connivance of a few trusty friends. On the morning of May 25th, 1846, after six years of captivity, the fugitive embarked at St. Vallery-sur-Somme, the little port from which William the Conqueror sailed for England. In a few days he arrived in London. Almost his first acts upon his arrival were to write to the French Ambassador, to Sir Robert Peel, the British Premier, and to Lord Aberdeen, the Foreign Secretary. To these he revealed his pacific motives and intentions.

After a time the future grew big with brilliant prospects. The Revolution of February 24th 1848, once more aroused Louis Napoleon's slumbering hopes. He reached Paris on the 27th, the day on which the Republic was proclaimed in the Place de la Bastile. But the new Government felt embarrassed by his presence; so he returned to England fearfully disappointed, but biding his time. That time came. On the 26th September following Louis Napoleon made his appearance in the Chamber of the Assembly, afterwards proceeded to the tribune, and delivered himself of a prolix speech.

The New Constitution was adopted on the 4th November. Up to this period General Cavaignac exercised the functions of Dictator; and as a more secure Government was desirable, it was decided to elect a President, the date fixed for the election being December 10th. The main contest for the Presidency lay between the Dictator and Prince Louis Napoleon. The latter triumphed by a majority of five millions of votes.

The National Assembly held its sitting on the 20th of December, when M. Rosseau, the reporter of the election committee, declared M. Louis Bonaparte to have been duly elected. He then officially called on the Chamber to proclaim him President, observing, "Have confidence—God protects France." Thereupon General Cavaignac announced the resignation of the Cabinet, and the surrender of the powers invested in himself; when M. Marrast, the President of the Assembly, rose, and made the subjoined declaration:—

"In the name of the French People,—Whereas, Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born in France, possesses all the qualifications of eligibility required by the 44th Article of the Constitution; whereas the ballot gave him the absolute majority of suffrages for the Presidency: By virtue of the powers conferred on the Assembly by the 47th and 48th Articles of the Constitution, I proclaim him President of the Republic from this day until the second Sunday of May, 1852; and I now invite him to ascend the tribune, and take the oath required by the Constitution."

M. Louis Bonaparte, who was dressed in black, and wore a star set with diamonds on his left breast, and the Grand Cordan of the Legion of Honour under his coat, directly left his seat, and slowly advanced towards the tribune. The President then read to him the oath of fidelity to the Constitution:—

"In presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties which the Constitution imposes on me."

"*I swear it!*" earnestly and solemnly responded the President of the Republic, holding up his right hand.

Louis Napoleon then took a paper from his pocket, and read therefrom a brief inaugural address, in which he assured the "citizen representatives" that the oath he had taken should direct his future conduct. "My duty is marked out," he said. "I shall, as a man of honour, fulfil it, and shall look upon those as enemies to the country who attempt to change what all France has established."

At the termination of his years of office, the President of the French Republic determined upon a *coup-d'état*. This is the chief act which has brought dishonour upon his administration. The incidents attending it are too numerous to be described in the brief space allotted to this memoir. Suffice it to say, that the President assumed high, if not unwarrantable, authority. Orders were issued for the arrest of eighteen members of the National Assembly; while many persons who were supposed to be unfriendly to Louis Napoleon's designs were likewise safely secured. We have no wish to dwell on the horrors of the 2nd December and following days. Possibly these have been exaggerated by indignant historians. A French writer endeavours thus to correct statements which he considers unfounded. He observes:—

"The 2nd December came. This was an act of our internal situation that did not concern foreign countries. Nevertheless, several English journals denounced the man who had saved his own nation from a frightful anarchy, and, perhaps, preserved Europe from commotion. Every species of calumny was invented, and error disseminated. A London paper even went so far as to present the sketch of a scene which represented insurgents being shot on the Champ de Mars. Credence was given to such things which our manners and habits, however, rendered as improbable as they are, happily, impossible. The truth is, that not only was no person shot after the fighting, but out of a population of 1,600,000 inhabitants, there were in revolt only 1,500 demagogues, of whom 150 at the most perished with arms in their hands during the conflict. . . . With such audacity was the fact misrepresented, in order to create animadversion against an act which merited the gratitude of a civilized people."

Louis Napoleon's ambition undeniably was to make France an empire. He did not openly avow this, but he appealed, in an address to the entire nation, to declare by their suffrages whether it preferred a temporary to a permanent government. The 20th December and following days were fixed for ascertaining the verdict of the French people. The result of the voting according to the *Plebiscite*, as taken in the eighty-six departments, in Algeria, in the army and navy, is set down as follows:—

Entire number of votes . .	8,116,773
Affirmative	7,439,216
Negative	640,737
Irregular	36,820

Upon ascertaining the gratifying result, Prince Louis Napoleon remarked, "If I congratulate myself on this immense adhesion, it is not through pride, but because it assures me freedom to speak and act as becomes the Chief of a great nation." Subsequently a decree was issued restoring to the army the Imperial Eagle, "as an embelm of its hundred victories," and a new Constitution was promulgated by the President for ten years, on January 16th, 1852. "May it," he observed, "give calm and prosperous days to our country. May it prevent the return of those intestine conflicts in which victory, however justly won, is always dearly purchased. May the sanction which you have given to my efforts receive the blessing of heaven. Then peace will be assured at home and abroad; my vows will be fulfilled; my mission will be accomplished." Indeed, this idea of peace he seems to have sedulously cherished. When, after his election, Napoleon made a tour through the provinces, he was splendiidly received and fêted by the Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce. On that occasion he gave vent to utterances that could not be mistaken. "France," he remarked, "desires a return to the Empire." Then, after a little, he continued, "There is, however, one apprehension which I feel bound to allay. Certain persons, in a spirit of mistrust, affirm, 'The empire is war!' I say, on the contrary, 'The empire is peace!' (*l'empire c'est la paix*). It is peace, because France wishes it; and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil."

After the absence of a month, the President returned to Paris. Shortly afterwards he addressed the Legislative Assembly, entreating that body to "attest the spontaneous nature of that national movement which was bearing him to the Imperial Crown." The Assembly had no alternative but to assent to the proposal. Consequently, another appeal was made to the nation, the following being the proposition submitted for its approval or rejection:—"The people desires the re-establishment of the Imperial Dynasty in the person of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, with the succession to his direct descendants, natural and legitimate, or adopted; and gives him the right to regulate the order of succession to the Throne in the Bonaparte family."

On the 21st of November, the voting for the Empire commenced, and by Universal Suffrage, as on the previous re-election to the Presidency. The result of the voting showed—affirmative, 7,824,189: negative, 253,145; thus giving a majority of 7,571,044 votes in favour of an Imperial Dynasty.

The popular votes having been formally counted and ratified, on the 1st of December the Legislative body repaired to the Palace of St. Cloud, in order officially to report the result. They were accompanied by all the Members of the Senate, and the Councillors of State. "Your wish, sire, has been accomplished," said M. Billault, the President of the National Assembly, to M. Napoleon Bonaparte. In the Grand Gallery of Apollo an imposing ceremony took place. A throne had been erected at the extremity of the hall. The "Emperor-elect," accompanied by Prince Jerome, and Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, entered the brilliantly-lighted chamber at nine o'clock in the evening, and took his stand before the throne, when he received several congratulatory addresses. He responded in a brief speech, in which he observed, "I take to-day, with the Crown, the name of Napoleon the Third, because the logic of the people has already given it to me in their acclamations; because the Senate has proposed it legally, and because the entire nation has ratified it." The ensuing day the Empire was proclaimed. On the following morning the Emperor visited the hospitals, and placed 10,000 francs in the exchequer of each. During his rounds, he went on foot to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Here, after the disuse of half a century, the hymn was upraised, "*Domine Talvum fac Imperatorem!*"

Having become an imperial dignitary of Europe, the Emperor set about selecting a suitable consort. His choice fell upon the Countess Eugénie, who was remarkable for her beauty, accomplishments, and attractions. A lady biographer observes of her, that "she was delicate and fair from her English ancestry, whilst her grace was all Spanish, and her heart all French." When Louis Napoleon first encountered her, he was directly enthralled, for he was given to sudden impulses.

On the 29th of January the civil marriage of Napoleon with Eugénie was formally celebrated at the Tuileries; but, next day (Sunday), it was solemnly and pompously ratified at Nôtre Dame cathedral. The Archbishop of Paris officiated, attended by an imposing array of ecclesiastics. In front of the grand altar stood two thrones, wichh were occupied by the Emperor and his spouse. To signalize his union with Eugénie, Louis Napoleon granted an amnesty to nearly five thousand persons who were banished for political offences, such a circumstance in itself being a damning proof of Napoleonic misrule. The issue of this marriage resulted in the birth of a boy, on the 16th March, 1856, after the lapse of three years and two months. The child, popularly known as the "Prince Imperial," was baptized by the names of Napoleon-Eugéne-Louis-Jean-Joseph, his "baptism of fire" having been bestowed on the lad at the battle of Saarbrück by his deceased father, early during the Franco-Prussian war. The city of Paris had voted the sum of six hundred thousand francs in order to purchase a diamond necklace as a wedding gift to the bride. But in her acceptance of this princely present she converted it into an offering for the erection of a female orphan asylum.

Conjointly with England, on March 27th, 1854, France declared war with Russia. On the 29th of the preceding January, the Emperor, as a final attempt at pacification, addressed a lengthy letter to the Czar of Russia, in which he remarks: —"Let your Majesty but adopt this plan, on which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly in accord, tranquillity is re-established, and the world is satisfied. There is nothing in this proposal that is unworthy of your Majesty; nothing which could wound your honour. But if, from a motive difficult to comprehend, your Majesty should return a refusal, then France as well as England would be obliged to leave to the arbitrament of arms and the chances of war that which might be decided at once by reason and justice." Thus, after a protracted peace of forty years, the clarion of war was sounded. Money became necessary to carry on hostilities. Hence Napoleon III. made a direct appeal to the people for the required loan, not wishing to make application to contractors and capitalists, as is usually the case in national emergencies. Five million francs were but at first asked for; yet more than four times that amount was promptly supplied. A supplementary loan was then found imperative. Three hundred million francs were required by the Government; but the people at once subscribed five thousand million francs—equal to twenty millions sterling—thirty four times more than was needed.

The French army consisted of one thousand four hundred and forty-six officers, twenty-eight thousand and fifty-eight soldiers, two thousand nine hundred and four horses or mules, and one hundred and thirty-three field-pieces. One hundred and seventy-two vessels of all kinds, embracing ships of the line, frigates, corvettes, and steamboats, had transported this force, together with provisions and munitions of war. The British army consisted of twenty-seven thousand combatants, in addition to a Turkish contingent of some seven thousand strong.

On February 25th, 1856, a Congress was held in Paris, to deliberate upon terms of peace. This convention was composed of the Plenipotentiaries of Seven Powers. Their arduous labours were completed on the 30th of March, when Articles of peace were signed. The Empress Eugenie having expressed a desire to possess the pen with which the document was signed, an eagle's quill was selected. This was elegantly mounted in gold and gems. Upon the last signature being affixed, a salvo of one hundred and one guns was fired, and all Paris was exultant. Then the Plenipotentiaries repaired in a body to the Tuileries, where they were cordially received by the Emperor.

While the Crimean War was at its height, the Emperor and Empress visited England. This was in April, 1855; upon which occasion Her Majesty, with her own hands, invested Napoleon III. with the Order of the Garter. Moreover, regal *fêtes* were given in honour of the illustrious guests—friendly and flattering addresses were presented to the Emperor by corporations, merchants, traders, and bankers. On the 17th a grand banquet was offered to their Majesties by the City of London, upon which occasion Napoleon, in his response to the address of the Lord Mayor, remarked, "I have preserved on the Throne for the people of England the sentiments of esteem and sympathy which I professed in exile; and if I have conformed my conduct to my convictions, it is because the interests of the nation which elected me, as well as those of general civilization, constrained me to do so."

Upon the return of the Emperor to France, a daring but dastardly attempt was made on his life, by an Italian named Pianori. This occurred on April 29th. The intended royal victim escaped unharmed. In responding to the congratulations of the Senate, he observed: "There are lives which the assassin cannot touch, who are but the instruments of the decrees of Providence. So long as I have not fully accomplished my mission, I can incur no danger." Nearly three years later another effort was made to rid France of its Ruler. On the 14th January, 1858, Orsini and his associates attempted this bloodthirsty deed, and thought their stratagem would be successful when the Emperor and his consort were going to the opera. For this fool-hardy act, the arch-conspirator suffered death, while three others were sentenced to imprisonment and transportation.

On the 17th of January, 1858, three days after Orsini's desperate deed, Louis Napoleon, in a speech at the opening of the Legislative Chambers, referred to the recent attempt on his life; observing, "Neither the blow which struck Cæsar, nor that which slew Henry IV., profited the authors of those murders. God sometimes permits the just to fall, but He never suffers the cause of the assassin to triumph. Thus such attempts can shake neither my confidence in the present, nor my faith in the future. If I live, the Empire lives on with me; and should I fall, the Empire would survive, and be strengthened by my death, since the indignation of the people and of the Army would be a fresh support to the Throne of my son." The latter clause of the last sentence possesses much interest at the present time. Possibly there are many, both in France and England, who may regard it as of prophetical import.

On the 10th of May, 1859, the Emperor quitted the Tuileries for the seat of war in Italy, as the impetuous movement of Austria took France and all Europe by surprise. Before leaving Paris he issued a manifesto to the French people, in which he declared that his object "is not to give Italy a change of masters, but to restore her to herself; and thus we shall have on our frontiers a friendly

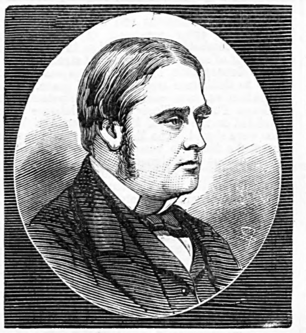
Power indebted to us for independence. Courage, then, and concord! The world shall yet see that our country has not degenerated." The Emperor joined the main body of his army at Alessandria, it being the chief stronghold of Piedmont. The total allied forces amounted to 180,000 strong. These consisted of 55,000 Sardinian troops, and five French *corps d'armée*, which, including the Imperial Guard, numbered 125,000 men.

After their defeat at Solferino, the Austrians evacuated the whole line of the Mincio, so that on the 1st of July the entire of the allied forces had passed to the left side of the river. Success followed success with remarkable rapidity; and France and Italy had faith that Napoleon would carry out his programme, and free Italy " from the Alps to the Adriatic." Whilst achieving the most glorious victories, all Europe was astounded suddenly to learn that the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria had an interview at Villafranca. An armistice was next agreed upon; an act which was followed on the 11th July by a treaty of Peace. " Afraid of having to accept a combat on the Rhine," said Louis Napoleon, in explanation of the inexplicable affair, " I concluded peace as soon as the honour and interest of France were satisfied." It is recorded that when the French Emperor rode over the fields of Magenta and Solferino after the battles, he was so overwhelmed by the terrible scene of carnage which met his eye, that he was constrained to weep. Nearly forty thousand men lay upon each of those fields, either wounded or dead. Fifty years before, Napoleon I, when but a few leagues from Solferino, had been similarly affected by the sight of battlefields. During the conflict the Emperor exhibited great bravery. Nor was he over-careful of his ease or life, as the writer can testify, who happened to be at the seat of war at the time.

One more literary effort was made by Napoleon III. during 1867. It was an elaborate " Life of Julius Cæsar;" the object of the writer being that Providence raises up such characters as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, in order to point out to the people the path which they should follow. The work has been both favourably and unfavourably reviewed by leading critics.

Early in September, 1860, the Emperor and Empress visited Algiers. They landed in that town on the 17th of the same month. At a banquet given in their honour Napoleon III. presented the following views:—

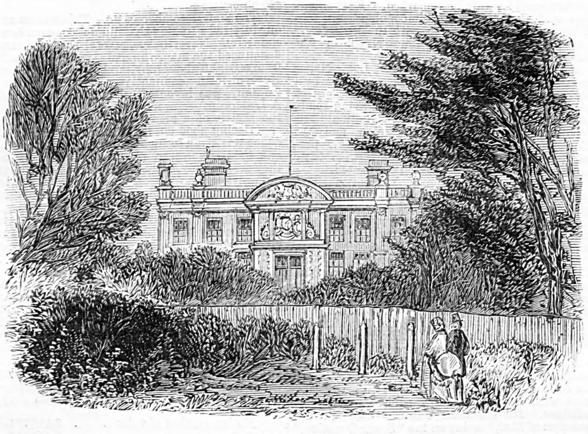
" My first thought," said he, " in placing my foot upon the soil of Africa turned to the Army, whose courage and perseverance have accomplished the conquest of this vast territory. But the God of armies does not send to a people the scourge of war except as chastisement or as redemption. In our hands, conquest can only be redemption; and our first duty is to occupy ourselves with the welfare of three millions of Arabs whom the fate of arms has caused to pass under our dominion."



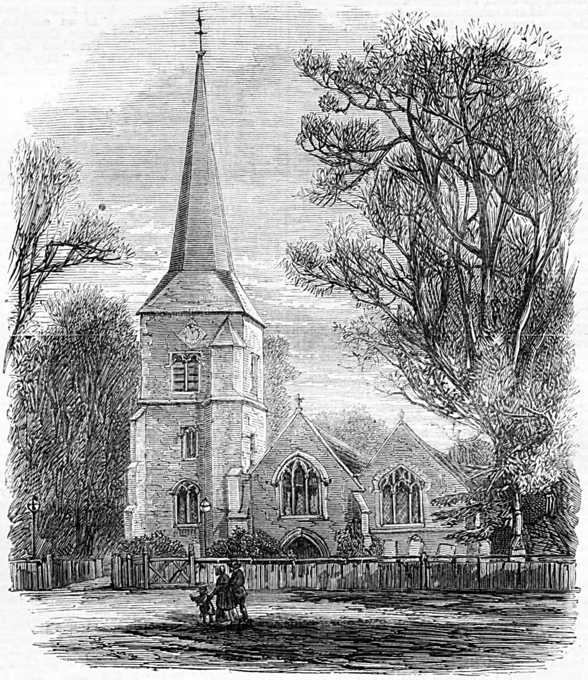
SIR WILLIAM GULL.

The Emperor always conceived some project or another. Thus in May 1855, he opened a Temple of Concord in Paris, which led people to fancy that a reign of peace had begun on earth; for did not Napoleon boast that France held the destiny of the world in her hands? The International Exhibition of 1867 ratified, as it were, the impression that the Second Empire had changed its Napoleonic policy, and, for the future, was resolved, metaphorically speaking, to turn "its swords into ploughshares, and its spears into pruning-hooks!" The Exposition was formally opened by the Emperor and Empress. The former had invited, by autograph letters, all the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, and several of Asia and Africa, as well as the President of America, to honour the inauguration with their presence. Such a confluence of crowned heads, such a constellation of Crowns, such a council of princes and potentates, probably, the world never before witnessed; all the more remarkable as Peace, and not War, had brought them together. As has been observed, " They came to a feast of peace, to enjoy the hospitalities of a city that opens its gates to the wide earth to come in and study the things which make for peace."

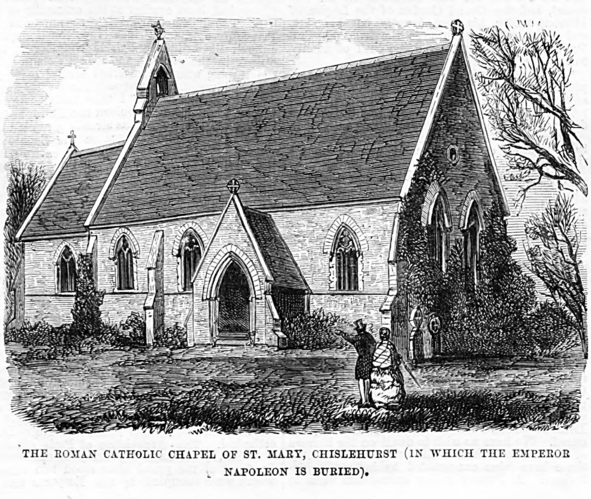
One unfortunate blunder of the Emperor was the placing of Archduke Maximilian of Austria on the unstable throne of Mexico. Such an act irritated the United States of America; so, to avoid a conflict, the French troops were withdrawn, in compliance with the terms of a treaty entered into between the high contracting parties. Maximilian failed to be a favourite in Mexico. His crown proved one of thorns, and his life eventually was the forfeit paid for the possession of regal honours. Poor Carlotta! the youthful Empress, one compassionates her immensely, whose mind sunk beneath the grievous load she was called upon to bear.



CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST, KENT.



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, CHISLEHURST.

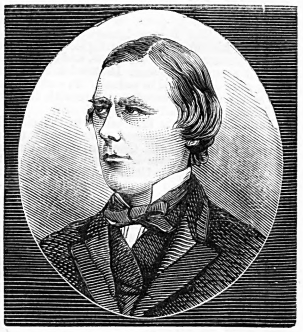


THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL OF ST. MARY, CHISLEHURST (IN WHICH THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IS BURIED).

And now, in conclusion, we shall briefly refer to the causes of the late unhappy Franco-Prussian war. Some six weeks before the Hohenzollern candidature was broached, a consultation was held at Ems, at which the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Count von Bismark, and Baron Brunon, assisted. Then a certain line of policy was sketched out, and some resolves adopted. notwithstanding the formal withdrawal of the objectionable candidature, diplomacy signally failed in its apparent efforts to restore the usual normal condition of amicable relations between France and Prussia. Napoleon III. did not feel reassured. He demanded of the King of Prussia that he should prohibit his nominee from accepting the crown of Spain at any future time. The King grew inexorable, and declined to comply with such a requisition. He would go no further than advise the prince to decline the offer. The French demands were pressed, and upon M. Benedetti attempting to gain access to King William, he was rudely rejected, and informed that negotiations were at an end. Consequently the ambassador demanded his passport, and war was declared on July 19th, 1870, at 1.30 p.m. Four days after, the Emperor issued a manifesto to the French nation. In it he said, " I place myself at the head of that valiant army, which is animated by love of duty and of country. I know its own worth since it has seen how victory has accompanied its march in the four quarters of the world. I shall take my son with me, despite his youth. He knows what are the duties which his name imposes upon him, and he is proud to bear his share in the dangers of those who fight for their country. May God bless our efforts. A great people which defends a just cause is invincible."

The Emperor quitted St. Cloud on July 28th to lead his army in person. He took with him the Prince Imperial, as he had promised. The troops were most enthusiastic. " On to Berlin!" was the cry, inspired by the confidence of victory. No important proceedings were taken until August 2nd; then the French troops attacked and successfully carried the heights commanding Saarbrück. But, alas! disaster came apace, and speedily followed the hollow show of conquest. On the 4th and 6th August the terrible battles of Weissenburgh and Worth were fought, when the chief command was transferred from Marshal la Bœuf to Marshal Bazaine. But even these generals were outwitted and defeated.

Afterwards the Emperor and his son proceeded to Verdun, and eventually reached the camp at Châlons, where General MacMahon's command was located. Ill-tidings followed ill-tidings with electric rapidity. The fatal hour for Napoleon had come. His star of Destiny began to wane. Weary and worn, he fled in dismay before the enemy, ever vigorous in his pursuit. He was sorely pressed, and put to trying and humiliating shifts—one time glad to appease his hunger by a biscuit and at another to effect his flight in a cushionless third-class carriage. At length, on September the 1st—fatal day!—MacMahon found himself before Sedan, utterly unable to effect a junction with Bazaine. At five in the morning the Prussians made a fierce and sudden attack upon the enemy. MacMahon and the Emperor rode quickly to the front, when a shell bursting, severely wounded the commander in whom Napoleon had most trust. General Wimpffen was now entrusted with the defence of the fortress. A terrible artillery duel was carried on; but the Prussians were successful at all points. At 6 p.m. the victory was complete. The result was the surrender of the Emperor and the capitulation of the Army of Sedan. Several thousand French soldiers succeeded in reaching the Belgian frontier, with war *matériel*, arms, and accoutrements. But—and this is a most remarkable fact—sixty thousand troops preferred laying down their arms and becoming prisoners of war!



SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

The following day a meeting took place between the King of Prussia and the captive Emperor, at the Château Bellevue, at Frenois, where Louis Napoleon exclaimed, " My brother, not being able to die at the head of my army, I place my sword at the feet of your Majesty!" It was at this interview that Wilhelmshöhe was suggested as the fitting residence for the fallen monarch of France. " But yesterday, and Cæsar might have stood against the world!"

The events that succeeded are quickly told. On the night of the 3rd September, the thrilling intelligence of defeat was announced in the French Chambers. A motion was introduced by M. Jules Favre, declaring the Emperor and his dynasty to have forfeited all rights conferred by the Constitution. At the resumption of the Chambers, Napoleon III. was declared deposed, and a Republic was proclaimed. The Empress Eugénie quitted Paris in haste, having destroyed whatever busts, statues, and portraits of her husband were in the Tuileries. After some detention at Wilhelmshöhe, the deposed monarch proceeded to London, taking up his abode at Camden House, Chislehurst. After little more than a sojourn of two years in his place of refuge, death unexpectedly came to his relief on Thursday morning, the 9th instant. Thus ends this " strange, eventful history."

Sic transit gloria mundi.

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⁂ The numerous Engravings presented to our readers in the present number illustrate the most salient points in the late Emperor's career, and the events to which they refer being related in the preceding biography, further explanation is unnecessary. — *Ed. P. E.*